

THE OLD, OLD STORY

OF THE

HOLY CHILD

By ABBIE C. MORROW

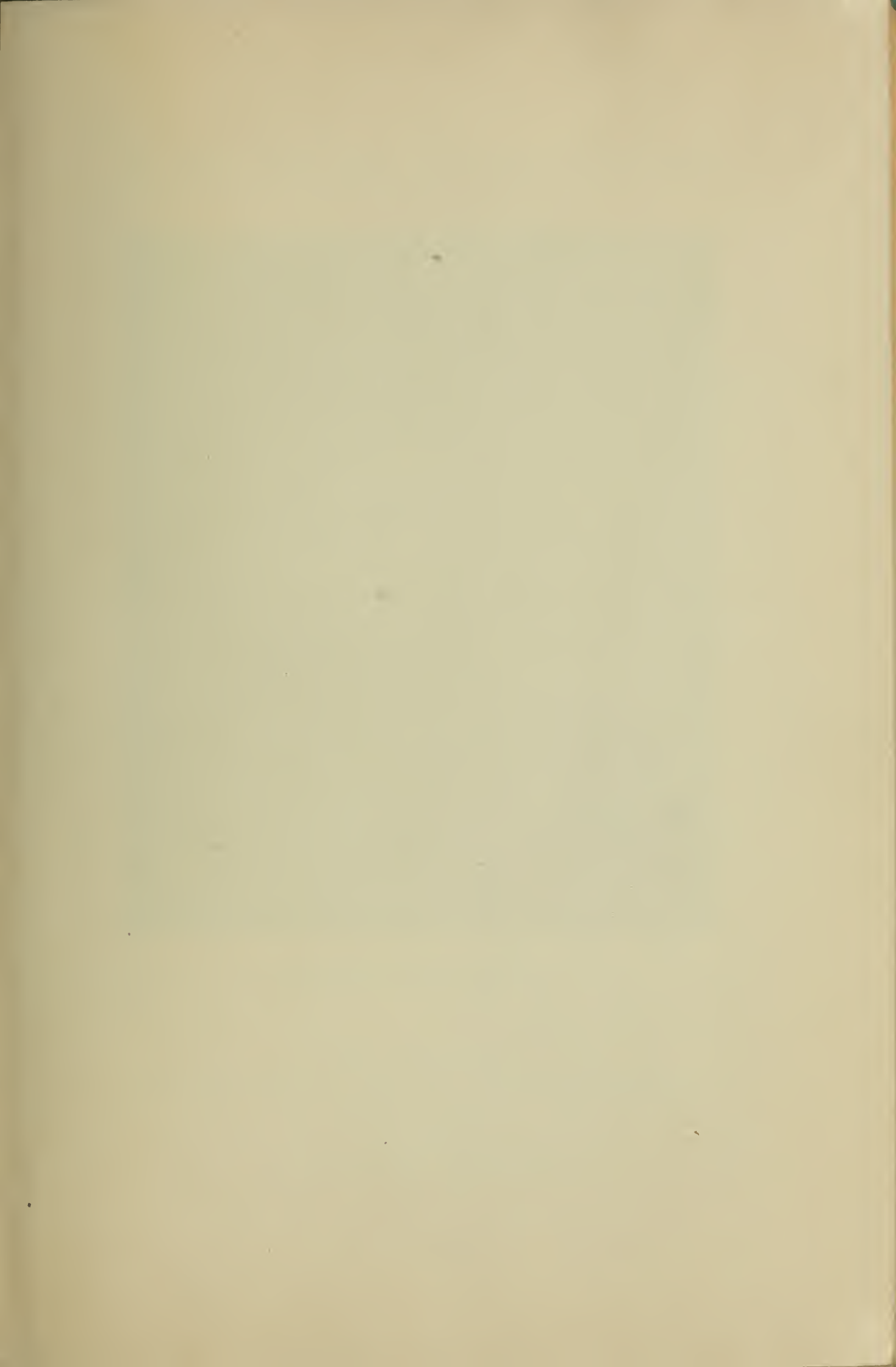
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ABBIE C. MORROW.

THE OLD, OLD STORY

OF THE

HOLY CHILD,

TOLD AGAIN FOR THE CHILDREN.

BY
ABBIE C. MORROW,

Editor of THE ILLUSTRATOR, and WORD AND WORK.
Author of "BIBLE MORNING GLORIES," "THE WORK OF FAITH," "MÜLLER'S
LIFE," "SWEET-SMELLING MYRRH," "CHRISTIAN SCIENCE,
FALSELY SO-CALLED," Etc., Etc.

"I write unto you, little children."—I JOHN II: 13.
"Blessed is he that readeth."—REV. I: 3.

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THIS BOOK
IS LOVINGLY DEDICATED
TO OUR LITTLE TEN-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER,
MELVA ABBIE MORROW,
WHO IS DAILY TEACHING US THE MEANING
OF THE SAVIOR'S WORDS,
"OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM."

—MATT. XIX: 14.



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SISTINE MADONNA.

The Old, Old Story of the Holy Child.



Chapter I.

JESUS THE BABE.

THE story of Jesus is the sweetest that ever was told. The more we hear it, the better we love it. Though it is two thousand years since He came, the people who love Him to-day are as glad to hear about Him as were the shepherds, who were the first ones, after Joseph and Mary, to look into the little, new, sweet, baby face, and know that it was Jesus.

An angel of the Lord came to Joseph one night and said that a little baby boy was to be born to Mary, and they must call His name Jesus, because Jesus means Savior, and He who was coming was to grow up and become the Savior of the world.

Jesus' parents lived in Nazareth; but, years before, God had told the Prophet Micah that when Jesus came He would be born in Bethlehem.

So one day the great Roman emperor, Cæsar Augustus, guided by God, but not understanding what he was doing, ordered all the Jews to go to the town

where they were born, and enroll their names for the payment of a tax.

This is how it came to pass that Joseph and Mary were in Bethlehem when Jesus was born. They went there to enroll their names at the command of the emperor, in the town of their ancestors; for Joseph and Mary were descendants of the great King David.

When they reached Bethlehem, weary with the long journey, they found the inn filled with strangers, so were forced to go to the rude manger, where horses, mules, and camels were housed, and where the poorest peasants found shelter. Here, far from home, in the midst of strangers, in the chill of a winter night, in a place that was without comfort or privacy, the holy babe was born.

All the way from the cradle to the cross there were those who rejected Jesus.

He came unto His own, and His own received Him not.

There was no room for Him in the inn.

There was no room for Him in Bethlehem. Herod hunted Him out of it.

There was no room for Him in Jerusalem. Even His parents did not understand His longing to be a temple student, and so, as a submissive lad, He went down to Nazareth with them.

There was no room for Him in Nazareth. They thrust Him out of the city, and would have flung Him

over the brow of the hill on to the sharp stones, only His hour to die had not come, so He escaped from them and went His way.

There was no room for Him in the homes of those He served. Alone He slept under the stars in the Mount of Olives.

There was no room for Him in the world. They crucified Him between two thieves, as if He had been the worst of the three.

Make room in your home for Jesus. Do not force Him to the stable. Make room in your heart for Jesus. Do not let anything crowd Him out.

How long the mother and the Holy Child Jesus were in the ill-smelling, uncomfortable manger we do not know, but it would seem that some one was human enough to give up their place to the young mother with her newborn babe, because we read of them afterward in "the house" at Bethlehem. (Matt. ii, 11.)

The night Jesus was born there were, in an open pasture field, about a mile from Bethlehem, some shepherds watching their flock of sheep as usual. The shepherds, wrapped in a cloak, slept on the ground on beds made of soft branches of trees, and guarded the sheep and lambs from danger.

From this flock were taken the animals daily sacrificed in the temple at Jerusalem five miles away.

Near this place, years before, Ruth, the wife of Boaz, had gleaned the sheaves, and near here David had led

his flocks and protected them from the lion and the bear.

On this spot now is a grove of olive-trees, and a little, old, bare chapel, called "The Angel of the Shepherds," because here the angel of the Lord came to the shepherds the night that Jesus was born. The angel stood right beside them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them, making the night brighter than any day the shepherds had ever seen, and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them: "Fear not: for, behold, I bring good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, which is Christ the Lord."

The good tidings brought by the angels reminds me of the story of a little heathen girl in New Zealand, who was given to the missionaries. She was a bright child, and they sent her to England to school. It was all new, strange, and beautiful. In her old, heathen home there had been no pretty parlor, no neatly-laid dining-table, no fine pictures, no merry games, no pleasant stories about Jesus.

Her schoolmates were fond of her, and they never tired of hearing her speak of her admiration for her surroundings.

Soon she became a Christian. Then she was happier than ever. She looked upon the world with a new vision. Christmas was a day of delight.

After a few years, she began to talk of going back to New Zealand. Her schoolmates said :

"Why do you want to go back, now that you are used to England and its privileges? You have often spoken of your love for it. Your health could not be better. Think of the long voyage. Suppose you should be shipwrecked? Everybody in your land will have forgotten you, and you may be killed and eaten by your own people. Stay with us, and forget all about your former country. Christmas is coming soon, and we will all have a good time together."

The girl drew herself up, her eyes flashed, and she spoke with feeling :

"What!" she said, "do you think I could keep the good news to myself? Now that I have learned of a new and beautiful way of living, do you suppose I could be happy and not tell my people of it? Jesus has forgiven my sins; I have peace and pardon; do you think I could be content to hug all this to my own bosom, and leave my dear father and mother and brothers and sisters to perish for want of the knowledge? You say Christmas is coming; I will teach them the Christmas joy; I would go if I had to swim across the ocean to get there. I want to go, and say, 'Dear ones, I bring you good news. Jesus Christ was born to be the Savior of the world. He lived to do good, then died on the cross that we may be saved.' Can you ask me to stay?"

Does not the story of this saved heathen girl make you feel as if you would like to lay away more pennies to send "the good tidings of great joy" to some other little heathen girl who has no lovely home, no Bible, no Sunday-school, and nobody to tell her about Jesus?

But to return to the shepherds to whom the angel brought the message of the birth of Jesus. The angel told the shepherds how they would know, when they reached Bethlehem, that the babe they should see was Jesus. He said:

"And this shall be a sign unto you: Ye shall find the babe, wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger."

The sign of the Savior was a babe wrapped in a royal robe lying in a stable.

There were two kinds of swaddling bands. One the ordinary bandages in which all babies were wrapped; the other an outside coat, beautifully embroidered, used by the princes and the wealthy. Greek and Roman poetry has many allusions to these swaddling bands. The ordinary bandage would be no sign. The sign was to be in the contrast, a babe dressed in the "swaddling" garb of a King lying in a "manger" with the cattle. Jesus' nobility as "King of the Jews" and His poverty as the Child of Mary the wife of the carpenter, were His credentials.

No doubt His mother, knowing by the word of the Holy Spirit that He was to be the heir of David's royal line, provided the token.

When the angel stopped speaking to the shepherds, a great company of angels joined them, and the multitude of the heavenly host praised God, saying:

“Glory to God in the highest; and on earth peace, good will toward men.”

There is a beautiful, white flower, the shape of a star, which is called “the star of Bethlehem.”

It is said that in one of the capital cities of the Southern States is an ancient garden, and in this old garden is a long bed, where these words of the angels—“Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men”—may be clearly read, outlined by the beautiful star of Bethlehem. No weeds are ever allowed to grow in this bed. The ground is carefully kept.

This garden-bed makes me think of some lines the little ones used to sing in the children’s meeting at a camp where I was one summer:

“My heart is God’s little garden,
And the fruit I shall bear each day
Are the things He shall see me doing,
And the words He shall hear me say.”

How about your heart-garden? Are there flowers and fruit growing there for Jesus?

Soon the angels went back to heaven, and the shepherds said one to another:

“Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.”

So they left their flock, and went and found Jesus lying in a manger, as the angel had said.

When they had seen Him, they told Mary, the mother of Jesus, and those who were near, of the words of the angels, and all who heard wondered at the great things which had taken place.

Then the shepherds returned to their flock, praising and glorifying God, just as the angels had done.

I think you would like to have me tell you of a man I read about who praised God as soon as he was saved.

He had been known as "Drunken John," for he was a bad man. But one night he went into a gospel meeting, and heard, for the first time, the story of Jesus. A man of God spoke to him kindly, and told him how God loved him. Drunken John believed that God did love him and Jesus did die for him, and his heart was melted. Down his dirty face the tears ran. By and by he received the Savior, and went, filled with joy and peace, to the cellar he called home.

He told the story to his wife and son, but they, knowing nothing about conversion, only said:

"Drunk, as usual," and turned away.

Then he said: "Sal, I've been converted; before we go to bed we must pray."

At length his wife and son agreed to kneel; but when this man bent his knees for the first time in his life, he knew not what to say.

Soon he remembered how he had used to express his worldly joy in the old days, and catching up his hat, he swung it round his head, and shouted :

“Hurrah for Jesus;” another swing, and, “Hurrah for Jesus;” still a third time, and again the words, “Hurrah for Jesus.”

That was John’s first offer of praise. But it went straight from his loving heart to the heart of his Father.

The shepherds were not the only ones to whom the birth of Jesus was made known. There was a man in Jerusalem, whose name was Simeon, who was just and devout, waiting for the coming of Jesus. And it was revealed unto him by the Holy Spirit that he should not die before he had seen Jesus. One day he came into the temple led by the Spirit; and soon the parents of Jesus brought in the child, to give Him to the Lord, as parents sometimes do now. Then Simeon took Him up in his arms, and blessed God, and said :

“Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy word: for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation, which Thou hast prepared before the face of all people; a light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of Thy people Israel.”

And Joseph and His mother wondered at those things which were spoken of Jesus. And Simeon blessed them, and said unto Mary, His mother :

“Behold, this Child is set for the fall and rising again of many in Israel; and for a sign which shall be

spoken against; (yea, a sword shall pierce through thy own soul also,) that the thoughts of many hearts may be revealed."

And there was one Anna, a prophetess, the daughter of Phanuel, of the tribe of Asher. She was a widow about eighty-four years old, who lived in the temple, and served God with fastings and prayers night and day. And she coming in at that instant, gave thanks, too, unto the Lord, and spake of Jesus to all them that looked for redemption in Jerusalem.

Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem, of Judea, in the days of Herod the king, behold, there came wise men from the East to Jerusalem, saying:

"Where is He that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen His star in the East, and are come to worship Him."

When Herod, the king, had heard these things, he was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him. And when he had gathered all the chief priests and scribes of the people together, he demanded of them where Christ should be born. And they said unto him:

"In Bethlehem, of Judea;" for thus it was written by the prophet.

"And thou, Bethlehem, in the land of Judah,
Art not the least among the princes of Judah:
For out of thee shall come a governor,
That shall rule my people Israel."

Then Herod, when he had secretly called the wise

men, inquired of them diligently what time the star appeared.

And Herod sent the wise men to Bethlehem, and said, "Go and search diligently for the young Child; and when ye have found Him, bring me word again, that I may come and worship Him also."

When the wise men had heard the king, they departed; and, lo, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came to Bethlehem and stood over where the young Child was.

When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.

And when they came into the house, they saw the young Child with Mary, His mother, and fell down and worshiped Him.

And when they had opened their treasures, they gave Him gifts, gold, and frankincense, and myrrh. And being warned of God in a dream that they should not go back to Herod, they went into their own country another way. And when they were gone, the angel of the Lord appeared to Joseph in a dream, and said:

"Arise, and take the young Child and His mother, and flee into Egypt, and stay there until I bring thee word: for Herod will seek the young Child to destroy Him."

When he arose, he took the young Child and His mother by night, and went into Egypt: and was there

until the death of Herod : that it might be fulfilled which was spoken of the Lord by the prophet, saying,

“Out of Egypt have I called my Son.”

Then Herod, when he saw he was mocked of the wise men, was very angry, and sent forth, and slew all the children that were in Bethlehem, and in all the coasts thereof, from two years old and under, according to the time which he had earnestly inquired of the wise men. Then was fulfilled that which was spoken by Jeremiah, the prophet, saying,

“ In Rama was there a voice heard,
Lamentation, and weeping, and great mourning,
Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted,
Because they are are not.”

But when Herod was dead, behold, an angel of the Lord appeared in a dream to Joseph in Egypt, saying,

“Arise, and take the young Child and His mother, and go into the land of Israel; for they are dead which sought the young Child’s life.”

And he arose, and took the young Child and His mother, and came into the land of Israel. But when he heard that Archelaus did reign in Judea in place of his father Herod, he was afraid to go to Bethlehem; but being warned of God in a dream, they turned aside, and went into Galilee; and they came and dwelt in their own city, called Nazareth; that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophets:

“He shall be called a Nazarine.”

Chapter II.

THE BOY JESUS.

WHEN Jesus' parents returned from the flight into Egypt, they went to their own home in Nazareth.

One who has visited the Holy Land, and seen this town where Jesus lived, says: "The boy Jesus prepared Himself, amid a hallowed obscurity, for His mighty work on earth. His outward life was the life of all those of His age, station, and birth. He lived as lived the other children of peasants in that quiet town, and, in great measure, as they live now.

"He who has seen the children of Nazareth in their long, red gowns, girded with a many-colored sash; he who has watched their merry games, and heard their ringing laughter as they wander about the hills of their little native vale, or play in bands on the hillside beside their sweet, abundant fountain, may think how Jesus looked and played when He, too, was a child.

"And the traveler who has followed any of those children to their simple homes, and seen the scanty furniture, the plain, but sweet, wholesome food, the uneventful, happy, patriarchal life, may form a vivid conception of the manner in which Jesus lived.

"Nothing can be plainer than those houses, with the doves sunning themselves on the white roofs, and the vines wreathing about them.

"The sandals are taken off at the door; from the center of the room hangs a lamp, the only ornament; in some recess in the wall is the wooden chest, painted with bright colors, which contains the books or other possessions of the family; on a ledge that runs round the wall, within easy reach, are, neatly rolled up, the gay-colored quilts which serve as beds, and on the same ledge are ranged the earthen vessels for daily use; near the door stand the large, common water-jars of red clay, with a few twigs and green leaves, often of sweet shrubs, thrust into their orifices to keep the water cool. At meal-time a painted wooden stool is placed in the center of the room, a large tray is put upon it, and in the middle of the tray stands the dish of meat and rice, or stewed fruits, from which all help themselves in common. Both before and after the meal the servant, or the youngest member of the family, pours water over the hands from a brazen ewer into a brass bowl. So quiet, so simple, so humble, so uneventful was the outward life of the family of Nazareth."

Some years ago a good bishop prayed that God would show him what Jesus was like in His youth. He dreamed that he saw a poor carpenter working, and beside him a little Boy patiently picking up chips. Presently a

maiden dressed in green called them to supper, and set bread and milk before them.

The bishop seemed to be standing behind the door and watching them; but the little Jesus spied him, and said to His father:

“Why does that man stand there? Will he not come in and eat with us?”

Just then the bishop awoke; but he had the answer to his prayer.

He knew Jesus was humble, industrious, and patient because He was working as a carpenter. He knew He was thoughtful because He noticed the stranger. He knew He was kind because He wished to share His food. This he learned from his dream; but we know much more than this about the boy Jesus from the Bible.

There is one little sentence in the Book that tells us about Jesus from the time He was forty days old until He was twelve years old, and that is,

“The Child grew, and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom: and the grace of God was upon Him.”

A sweet verse in some ancient writings by holy men, called the Apocrypha, fits sweetly with this verse about Jesus. It is,

“Hearken unto me, ye holy children, and bud forth as a rose growing by the brook of the field; and give ye a sweet savor as frankincense, and flourish as a lily, and send forth a smell, and sing a song of praise.”

There is one sweet story of Jesus at twelve years of age that will tell us exactly what kind of a little boy Jesus was. Here is the story as Luke gives it to us:

Now His parents went to Jerusalem every year at the feast of the passover.

And when He was twelve years old, they went up to Jerusalem after the custom of the feast.

And when they had fulfilled the days, as they returned, the Child Jesus tarried behind in Jerusalem; and Joseph and His mother knew not of it.

But they, supposing Him to have been in the company, went a day's journey; and they sought Him among their kinsfolk and acquaintance.

And when they found Him not, they turned back again to Jerusalem, seeking Him.

And it came to pass, that after three days they found Him in the temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them, and asking them questions.

And all that heard Him were astonished at His understanding and answers.

And when they saw Him, they were amazed: and His mother said unto Him, "Son, why hast Thou thus dealt with us? behold, Thy father and I have sought Thee sorrowing."

And He said unto them, "How is it that ye sought Me? wist ye not that I must be about My Father's business?"

And they understood not the saying which He spake unto them.

And He went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto them.

The one sentence about Jesus' early life and this one story of His boyhood reveal Him as our perfect example when a Child. He tells us to follow Him, and even little ones, if they believe on Him and love Him, may follow Him.

In a city alley a crowd of boys were jeering a feeble, old man. They pinned upon his back a paper bearing the words,

"Who 'll bid for the old saint?"

A child took the paper from the aged man's back, and spoke kindly to him. A rough boy caught the youthful protector, and shouted:

"Hullo, sneak, you 'll get something for this," and began tormenting him. A gentleman stopped him, and began talking to the lad.

"Sir, do you know what made me do it?" the lad asked.

"No; what was it?"

"That old man, they calls 'Saint Willie,' he comes to our house to read to mother. He said to me, 'If ever your 're a-going to do anything, say to yourself, 'What would Jesus do?' and that 's what made me do it.'"

Let us study the sentence and the story of the boy Jesus, and see how He lived, and follow His steps.

1. *Jesus was strong in spirit.* Our sentence says, "The Child grew and waxed strong in spirit." The spirit is that part of us which loves God and good things.

Plants grow when they have air and sunlight. Jesus grew because He trusted in the Holy Spirit, and prayed to God to keep Him, and was happy and sunny-tempered.

2. *Jesus was wise.* We read that He grew in wisdom. Then He never missed His lessons at school; He read good books; I can not think of Jesus reading a dime novel, can you?

He listened to the older ones as they talked about the things He did not understand.

He committed to memory the Old Testament, the only part of the Bible that was written before He came.

3. *Jesus was loved by God.* The grace of God—that is, the loving favor of God—was upon Him.

4. *Jesus loved the house of God.* When His parents missed Him, and went back to Jerusalem, they found Him in the temple.

He was not out in the fields, watching a horse-race.

He was not in a circus, looking at the dancers.

He was not at a matinee, filling His young mind with that which would not help Him.

He was not in a baseball field, betting as to who would win.

He was not even enjoying an innocent game.

He was in the temple, the place of all places where His parents would be glad to find Him.

It is not wrong for little ones to play, but Jesus had reached the age when a Jewish lad was called "a son of the law," and began to learn a trade, and could go to the feasts.

When one has reached the age of twelve, one should begin to do only that which will help to make him great and noble.

Children should always attend the Church service and the prayer-meeting.

5. *Jesus loved the Bible.* His parents found Him "sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them, and asking them questions."

As soon as Jesus could speak, His mother taught Him a verse of the law. As soon as He learned one text, He was taught another. Then a scroll, on which the verses were written, was placed in His hand, and He gradually came to know the letters and learned to read. Then He was sent to a synagogue school, where He was taught with twenty-five others.

This is the way Jewish boys were educated, and Jesus was no exception. His boy life was just like boy life now, that He might be able to sympathize with children at home and at school.

Through the study of the Holy Word He came to know of His high and glorious mission.

We may never visit Jacob's well, or rest under the shadow of Olivet, nor tread the wellworn path of Bethany, but we may pore over the same Holy Scriptures which were Christ's constant companion. We may study the same prophecies, believe the same promises, obey the same precepts, and sing the same psalms.

Some people say, "I do n't like to read the Old Testament." To remember that Jesus loved to read it will help you to love it.

When Catherine Booth, the mother of the great Salvation Army, was a child of five, she would stand on a footstool at her mother's side and read from the sacred page.

Before she was twelve years old she had read the Bible through eight times, from cover to cover.

To the end of her life she had this same intense love for the Holy Bible, and her last gift to each member of her family was a Bible, into which, with great difficulty and in much pain, she traced her name and the words,

"The last token of a mother's love."

One dark, stormy night a missionary, wet and weary, stopped at a log-cabin in the woods.

The place was cold, cheerless, and dirty. On a ragged bed lay a little girl, pale and suffering. She looked into his face, as he bent over her, with a smile that told him peace was in her heart.

From under her pillow peeped a New Testament. A Bible Society agent had left it in that desolate place.

"Can you read it?" the missionary asked.

"O yes."

"Can you understand it?"

"A great deal of it, sir. I see how Jesus came into the world to save sinners. He said, 'Suffer little children, and forbid them not to come unto Me: for of such is the kingdom of heaven' (Matt. xix, 14), and when I lie here in the dark, and can not sleep for pain, I think of that and am happy."

6. *Jesus was industrious.* All that heard Him in the temple were astonished at His understanding and His answers to the questions. So we know He was an industrious Boy in His studies and in His work.

When Walter Scott was asked the secret of his wonderful fertility with his pen, he said: "I have always made it a rule never to be doing nothing."

When the great Lord Nelson was asked a similar question, he said: "I have always been fifteen minutes before the time, and it has made a man of me."

When General Booth's youngest son was only nine years of age, he would hurry home from school, learn his lessons quickly, and then, with Testaments and tracts, spend all his spare time upon the street trying to get the little boys to read and think about the Savior and give Him their hearts.

"If I did not hold him in," said Mrs. Booth, "he would work himself quite ill all the time."

The true followers of Jesus in these days do not idle away the hours attending festivals, fairs, suppers, tableaux, and concerts in the churches. They love to sit at the feet of those who will teach them the Word of God and the way to glory. They love to do something to help the poor, to brighten the slow hours of the sick, to comfort the sorrowful, to lead sinners to the Savior.

7. *Jesus was earnest.* He said to His mother, "Wist ye not that I *must* be about My Father's business?" Jesus' whole life was earnest. His Father's business, His Father's glory, was always His first thought. Luke tells us, in the book of Acts, that "He went about doing good." (Acts x, 38.)

A boy went into a store, and said to the store-keeper, "Do you want a boy to work for you?"

"No," said the man, "I have no such want."

The boy looked disappointed—at least the man thought so—and he asked, "Can't you get a place?"

"I have asked at a good many places," said the boy. "A woman told me you had been after a boy, but it is not so, I find."

"Do not be discouraged," said the man, in a friendly tone.

"O no, sir," said the boy, cheerfully. "I still hope

on, because this is a big world, and I feel certain God has something for me to do in it. I am trying to find it."

"Just so," said a gentleman who overheard the talk. "Come with me, my boy; I am in want of somebody like you."

That little boy was in earnest, like Jesus. He did not wait for the place to come to him; he went to look for the place, trusting in God.

A lady, converted under Whitefield, prayed with her little daughter until the child grew happier in God's love even than she. In a transport of joy, the little one cried:

"O mother, if all the world knew! I wish I could tell everybody! Let me tell the neighbors!"

"That would be useless," the mother said.

But the child replied hopefully, "I think they would believe me. I must go and tell the shoemaker; I think he would believe me."

She went into his shop, and told, simply and earnestly, how she had been a sinner, and God had heard her mother's prayer, and saved her, and she was so happy she did not know how to tell it, and she wanted him to let the Savior forgive all his sins.

The man burst into tears, and threw himself on his knees, and soon was himself happy in the love of God. The neighborhood was awakened, and in a few months fifty saved people were rejoicing in God as their Savior.

8. *Jesus was sorrowful.* When Jesus tried to explain

to His parents that He wished to stay in Jerusalem that He might prepare for His Father's work, we read, "They understood not the saying."

Jesus had come to the temple, and probably for the first time in his life, had seen them bring to the brazen altar the little, white, innocent lamb, and lay their hands upon it in token that all their sins were transferred to it, and so forgiven, because the little lamb would be slain in their stead, and its blood sprinkled.

Here in the temple it would seem there dawned upon Jesus something of the knowledge that He was to be the Savior of men, the Lamb of God.

He thought His beautiful mother, who had perhaps explained to Him about His miraculous birth, would understand. But she did not.

When we are sorrowful because people say we have done wrong, and we know we have not, let us think of Jesus and that we are suffering with Him.

9. *Jesus was obedient.* When He found His parents did not understand His intense desire to remain in the temple and become a student, He did not say,

"Mamma, why can not I remain here in the Heavenly Father's work?"

He did not burst into tears, and pain His mother by His grief.

He did not tease her to let Him remain a little while longer.

He did not pout and lag behind, and make them all unhappy.

He went down cheerfully with His parents to the despised city of Nazareth, unknown and unhonored until He dwelt in it and gave it the luster of His holy life.

"He humbled Himself." (Phil. ii, 8.)

He left the student's place for the carpenter's bench. He exchanged the classroom for the shop. He turned from the holy temple to the lowly home. He left the happy talk for the homely task. He was obedient.

A man who owned a shop once advertised for a boy to work in the shop, run errands, and make himself generally useful.

In a few hours the shop was full of boys, little ones and big ones, all wanting the position.

There were so many boys that he did not know which one to choose, so he sent them all home. The next morning he put this advertisement in the paper:

"WANTED: A boy who obeys his mother."

There were only two boys who came that day for the situation.

Only two of all the crowd that could honestly say, "I obey my mother."

Only two who were little followers of Jesus in obedience. Suppose you had been among those boys, would you have been among the crowd or among the two?

A Christian merchant, who had risen from a poor

boy to a high position, was asked to what, under God, he owed his success. He replied:

"To prompt and steady obedience to my parents."

The child who is obedient to his parents will quickly come when they call, unquestioningly go where they are sent, faithfully do as they are bid, and cheerfully fulfill all their parents' desire.

It is said that when Washington was sixteen years of age he determined to leave home and be a midshipman in the colonial navy. After he had sent off his trunk, and was bidding his mother good-bye, she wept so bitterly that he said to his Negro servant:

"Bring back my trunk. I am not going to make my mother suffer so by leaving her."

He remained at home to please his mother. This decision led him to become a surveyor and afterwards a soldier.

It would seem that he owed his place among the greatest of men to this submission to his mother's wishes.

There is a special promise in God's Word for children who obey their parents. The Fifth Commandment is,

"Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." (Ex. xx, 12.)

When T. Adolphus Trollope was a little boy he was coming back one day from a ramble in the country with

his mother and some friends. As they were crossing some fields they came to a steep, grassy hill, down which Tom and a little playmate ran hand in hand.

Suddenly his mother called out: "Stop, Tom."

He stopped instantly right where he was, and so did his little friend, and when his mother and her friends came up and walked on, they found, a few feet in front of the place where the mother had told her boy to stop, a deep, open, unused well.

The mother knew nothing of the well nor of her boy's danger, but God put it into her heart to stop him. The boy's prompt obedience saved his life and the life of his companion.

Father and mother always know what is best. And children are always happy when they obey their parents. Here is a prayer for every one who would follow the Child Jesus in obedience:

"O Holy Lord, content to fill
In lowly home the lowliest place:
Thy childhood's law a mother's will,
Obedience meek, Thy brightest grace.

Lead every child that bears Thy name,
To walk in Thine own guileless way;
To dread the touch of sin and shame,
And humbly, like Thyself, obey."

Chapter III.

JESUS AND JOHN THE BAPTIST.

ONE of the greatest prophets that ever lived was John the Baptist, Jesus' cousin. John was just six months older than Jesus. He is called the forerunner of Jesus, because years before the prophet Isaiah had spoken these words, which referred to John and Jesus:

“The voice of one crying in the wilderness,
Prepare ye the way of the Lord,
Make His paths straight.
Every valley shall be filled,
And every mountain and hill shall be brought low;
And the crooked shall be made straight,
And the rough ways shall be made smooth;
And all flesh shall see the salvation of God.”

John was a great preacher. Here is a little bit of one of his wonderful sermons to the great multitude of Pharisees and Sadducees, who came to be baptized by him in the river Jordan, confessing their sins:

“O generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come? Bring forth, therefore, fruits worthy of repentance.”

True repentance is to be sorry for sin and to stop sinning.

“Repentance is to leave
The sin we loved before,
And show that we in earnest grieve
By doing so no more.”

To say we are sorry for sin, and keep on sinning, is not repentance. If we truly repent, God helps us not to do the same sin again.

Allan had been playing with his cart in the yard; but when mamma called "Allan," his small voice came from the back parlor.

"What are you here for?" asked his mother, opening the door. Allan was standing in the corner with a sober look on his face.

"Come out to your little cart," said his mother.

"I 'se not been here long 'nuff," said the little boy.

"What are you here for?" asked his mother.

"I punishing my ownself. I picked some green currants, and they went into my mouth," said Allan.

"O! when mother told you not to! Are you not sorry for disobeying mother?"

"I am sorry, but sorry is not 'nuff; I punish me. I stay here a good while and thinks."

Sorry, if it is only sorry, is not enough. Allan was right.

I read a story once about two boys who stole some apples, but did not feel quite happy as they began to eat them. They had what they wanted, but there was such a mean feeling about it.

Tommy said, "I 'm sorry we stole these apples; they sort of choke me."

Then Ned spoke up: "So am I; and I 'm going to give them back, and never steal again."

But Tommy had too much of what he called pride to give back the stolen apples. Ned went to the man, gave back the apples he had stolen, and asked to be forgiven. Then he went to God, whom he had wronged most, and was forgiven.

Ned really repented.

John the Baptist told the people when they repented of their sins they became good trees and bore good fruit.

A Scotch woman sold liquor on the Lord's-day, when the law commanded that the saloons should be closed. In a meeting God spoke to her. She was saved.

Then came the thought, "How can I earn my living? Can I give up the whisky?" Reaching home, she went to the jar containing the liquor, and seizing it, said:

"Jar! jar! you and I have kept company for twenty years; but Christ has come in, and you must go out."

She threw it in the street, dashing it to pieces. This was the first fruit of her repentance.

But we must not think we can be good after we have repented without trusting Jesus. Trying to be good will not help us much unless we trust Jesus.

Mrs. S. E. Levy tells about a little girl who was troubled with bad thoughts and stubborn wishes to have her own way. She felt sinful in God's sight, and wanted to repent. She thought repenting was trying to make and keep herself clean. But her trying made her little better. So at last she confessed her sins to God, and

asked Him to forgive her and help her do right. From that time good thoughts and desires filled her heart and mind.

When John had finished this great sermon about repentance, there were three different classes came to him, asking the same question, "What shall we do?"

First, the people came and said, "What shall we do?"

John told the people to be generous. He said: "He that hath two coats, let him impart to him that hath none; and he that hath meat, let him do likewise."

John told the people if they had all they needed of anything, they should share with others. They who had two coats should give one to some one who had none, and they who had meat (food) should share with the hungry.

This noon our little Melva, ten years old, offered to go without fruit for a week, that she might have the money it would cost to take some fruit and vegetables to the Harvest Festival to be held in the church next Lord's-day.

I have read of a little girl, name Florence, who one day ran out of her home with a little, covered basket in her hand just as her papa drove up in his carriage.

He called to her to jump into the carriage and take a ride with him. She looked at the empty seat beside her papa, and then at the basket, and said, brightly:

"Thank you papa; but not to-day. I have a little errand for Jesus."

Her papa found she had in her basket a large orange and a piece of cake that she had saved from her dessert, to take to a poor, sick man who lived on cold potatoes and bread.

"I thought it would be nice," said Florence, "to give him some of the good things."

Her papa thought so, too, and putting his hand in his pocket, took out a crisp five dollar bill, and pinned it to the orange, and told Florence he would drive her to the sick man's house. You can imagine how much good the unselfish little girl's gifts did the poor man.

After John had told the people what they were to do, the publicans asked, "What shall we do?"

John told the publicans to be honest. He said to them, "Exact no more than is appointed you."

A rich man promised to lend a poor widow \$200 to open a small store. In cashing the note which he had required her and her pastor to sign, he kept out \$25 for his interest for loaning the money.

When the note became due, he received full payment. Then he asked the minister to tell him of other poor widows, whom he would be happy to help.

"You help the widow? You have robbed her, and God will require it," exclaimed the minister.

In a short time the man was attacked by disease and died.

God says we are to lend, hoping for nothing again; but this man not only exacted interest, and more interest

than the law of the land allowed, but what was worse, he, a rich man, exacted it of a poor widow.

We think this dishonest, rich man was dreadful, but every selfish, greedy little child is on the way to such dishonesty.

After John had told the publicans what they were to do, the soldiers said, "What shall we do?" And John told them three things:

1. "Do violence to no man."

John's word to the soldiers was, not to be rude, uncivil, or cruel to man or woman. Some of the horrors of war are the brutal attacks soldiers make upon unarmed men and innocent women.

Cruelty is not possible to one who has trained himself always to be pleasant, polite, and kind.

2. "Neither accuse any falsely." Lying is always a mean sin; but when we falsely accuse any one, we add the sin of stealing to that of falsehood. We should think we were very wicked if we stole a man's money, but the Bible says,

"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches."

And Shakespeare says:

"Who steals my purse steals trash:
'T was mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands,
But he who filches me of my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him
And makes me poor indeed."

Let us be careful how we steal from others their good name.

3. "Be content with your wages." The great Apostle Paul knew what it was to be contented.

He said once: "I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therein to be content. I know how to be abased, and I know also how to abound; in everything and all things I have learned the secret both to be filled and to be hungry, both to abound and to be in want."

The contented are happy when the purse is full and when the purse is empty; they smile when the sun shines and when the clouds come; they are sweet when circumstances are favorable and when circumstances are unfavorable; they rejoice when they have their friends and when they have to be alone; they are pleased when they are commended and not displeased when they are accused.

Here is a parable on contentment I picked up somewhere: A tiny, blue violet lay blossoming at the foot of a great oak-tree. One day the oak said to the violet:

"Are you not ashamed of yourself, you little thing down there, when you see how small a space you fill, and how wide my branches are?"

"No," said the violet, "we are both where God placed us; and God has given us both something. He has given you strength, me sweetness; and I offer Him back my fragrance, and am thankful."

"Sweetness is all nonsense," said the oak; "a few days and you will die, and your grave will not lift the ground higher by a blade of grass. I hope to stand ages, and when I am cut down I shall be a ship to bear men over the sea, or a coffin to hold the dust of a prince. What is your lot to mine?"

"But," said the violet, "I hope to die fragrantly, as I have lived. You must be cut down at last; a few days or a few ages, my littleness or your largeness, it comes to the same thing. We are what God made us. We are where God placed us. God gave you strength; God gave me sweetness."

While John was preaching to the people and baptizing them, and they were wondering whether he were the promised Christ or not, he said to the multitude:

"I indeed baptize you with water unto repentance; but there cometh One mightier than I after me, whose shoes I am not worthy to bear, and the latchet of whose shoes I am not worthy to stoop down and unloose: He shall baptize you with the Holy Spirit and with fire: Whose fan is in His hand, and He will thoroughly purge His floor, and will gather the wheat into His garner; but the chaff He will burn with fire."

Among those who came with the multitude to be baptized by John was this same Jesus of whom John had been speaking.

The incident of Jesus baptized by John is one of the most beautiful in the Bible.

This is the way it reads :

Now it came to pass in those days when all the people were baptized that Jesus came from Nazareth of Galilee to Jordan unto John to be baptized of him. But John forbade him, saying,

“I have need to be baptized of Thee, and comest Thou to me?”

And Jesus answering, said unto him, “Suffer it to be so now; for thus it becometh us to fulfill all righteousness.” Then he suffered Him, and Jesus was baptized of John in Jordan.

And Jesus, when he was baptized, and praying, went straightway out of the water: and lo, the heavens were opened, and He saw the Spirit of God, the Holy Spirit, descending in a bodily shape, like a dove, and lighting upon him: and lo, a voice from heaven, which said,

“This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.”

Because Jesus came to earth as a man, to redeem men, He took the place of a sinner.

And the great crowd on the Jordan banks, looking at Jesus as He went down into the water, thought He was a sinner just like the rest. Only John knew that He was Jesus.

John felt that he was not worthy to baptize the pure, sweet Son of God, but Jesus said, “Thus it becometh *us* to fulfill all righteousness.”

O the depth of the compassion and condescension of Jesus!

Jesus felt sin, not on His conscience, but in His sympathy with the sinner.

A young man in court was asked by the judge why sentence should not be passed upon him for a crime he had committed. An old man arose with the criminal, and putting his arms around him, said:

"Your honor, *we* have nothing to say; the verdict against *us* is just; *we* only ask for mercy."

It was the criminal's father. In his grief he forgot himself; in his affection he identified himself with his son.

He did not *repent* of his son's crime, but he *felt* the sin and the shame of it until it well nigh broke his heart.

So Jesus bore our sin and our shame. Do you not love Him for it?

And did you notice how, when Jesus was willing to take the place of the sinner, willing to make Himself one with sons of men, then it was that the voice from heaven declared that He was the beloved Son of God.

At a great crisis during the battle of Antietam, a general sent his son into the hottest fire of battle. Only by a miracle could he return alive. The boy was faithful to the trust. He counted not his life dear unto him. He came back without having been shot or hurt. His face was black with powder and begrimed with smoke, but shining with the glory of a brave resolve.

The old general choked back a sob as he saw him. Forgetting for a moment the din and the danger of the

battle, he stretched out his hands. The two looked into each other's faces, their hands clasped.

Then, as the father thought of the courage of the lad, his forgetfulness of self, ready to give his life for his country, he said softly, yet reverently, the words spoken by the God Father to the Divine Son, centuries before, "Thou art my beloved son, in whom I am well pleased."

It is sweet to have the love and praise of an earthly father, but sweeter even than this is the consciousness that God is pleased with us.

But this only comes to those who have given themselves to God.

Jesus was the Son of God. All those who believe that Jesus is the Christ, that He died for their sin, that He lives in heaven to intercede for them, and keep them from sinning, are born again, and so are children of God.

Then God is their Father, and is pleased with them, and loves them.

I read once of a college student, who was a bright young man and studious, but, by some foolish act, he lost the high place he had held in his class.

His father was so disappointed, he scolded him, and the boy grew angry, and vowed he would not live at home any longer, and went away. But soon he came home again, and threw his arms around his father's neck, and cried out,

"I am sorry; forgive me."

The father's quick embrace and tender words removed the agony of guilt from his heart, and there was never after that an unkind word between them.

Years passed; the young man went to the front as a soldier. He was promoted, until he became the colonel of his regiment; was wounded at Gettysburg, and, sixteen days afterward, his father found him. Gangrene had set in. There was no hope. Life was nearly gone. In a feeble voice, he said,

"Dear father, how glad I am to see you! But I am almost gone, and I am afraid to die; you must tell me how."

The father's heart was breaking, but this was no time for tears.

The Holy Spirit said, "Remind him of the school incident."

The father asked, "My son, you feel guilty?"

"Yes; that makes me afraid to die."

"You want to be forgiven?"

"Yes. Can I be?"

"Certainly."

"Make it plain, so I can get hold of it."

"Do you remember the school incident, years ago?"

"Yes; distinctly."

"How you came back to the house, and, throwing your arms around my neck, asked me to forgive you?"

"Yes."

"What did I say?"

"You said, 'I forgive you with my heart,' and kissed me."

"Did you believe me?"

"Certainly; I never doubted your word."

"Did that take away your sense of guilt?"

"Yes."

"All of it?"

"Yes."

"Were you happy at home after that?"

"Yes; it seemed to me more happy than ever before."

"This is the thing for you to do now. Tell Jesus you are sorry, and ask Him to forgive you, just as simply as you did me. He says He will forgive, and you must take His word for it as you did mine."

"Why, father, is that the way to be a Christian?"

"I do n't know of any other."

"That is plain. I can get hold of that."

Much exhausted, the colonel turned his head upon his pillow to rest. The father sank into a chair, and gave way to a flow of tears, expecting soon to close his son's eyes in death. But this did not last long. A change came.

"Father," the boy said, "do n't cry. Sing. It's all right, I am happy; Jesus has forgiven me; I know He has, for He says He will, and I have taken His word for it, as I did yours. I am not afraid to die now, but

I do n't think I shall; I feel the stirring of a new life within me. Sing,

“‘When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear
And wipe my weeping eyes.’”

As the father sang, the pulse beating as the death-rate began to lessen, the eyes to brighten, the face to glow with new blood, the voice to sound natural. The surgeon, coming in to watch the rapid progress of the dreaded gangrene, said, with great surprise: “Colonel, your pulse is wonderfully changed. What has happened?”

“Father has shown me how to be a Christian, and I have done it. I am better; I am going to get well.”

And sure enough, the new life in his heart put new strength into his body, and he lived to be a useful, noble Christian.

Chapter IV.

THE TEMPTATION OF JESUS.

A GREAT trial came to Jesus just after the descent of the Holy Spirit upon Him. For it was directly after the beautiful words of the Heavenly Father, that He was His beloved Son, that Jesus was led by the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil.

In the pathless desert, where the wild beasts lived, and where He had no human companion, where there was neither bread nor water; here, for forty days, Jesus did eat nothing, and was tempted of the devil.

Jesus was kept from hunger during the forty days; but at the end He was faint, He saw His hold on life was feeble, He felt as if He was dying. In this time of utter physical weakness, Satan came to Jesus with three separate, distinct temptations.

First, Jesus was tempted to doubt God. Surely, if ever man seemed to have cause to doubt God's love or despair of God's help it was Jesus. A voice from heaven had said, "This is my beloved Son." But it did not seem like it. God's beloved Son *driven* into the wilderness for forty days to be hungry and thirsty! to sleep on the bare ground under the cold stars! to be without any of the necessities of life! any change of clothing! any ap-



"Choose ye this day whom ye will serve."

THE TEMPTATION.

(SCHEFFER.)

pliances of cleanliness! to be without any opportunity to worship in the synagogue! to be without any human comforts! to have for His companions the wild beasts of the desert! and to be beset day after day by the arch enemy! Then it was that Satan came with his mean words, "*If Thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread.*" At first it seemed plausible and lawful. There was no sin in wishing for bread, or wishing to make bread out of stones, if that had been the Father's will.

But His Heavenly Father had sent Him into the wilderness, and it would be wrong to make bread for Himself, because it would be to doubt His Father's love by leaving the place of dependence upon His care; to doubt His Father's power, as the children of Israel did when they murmured in the wilderness, and said, "*Can God furnish a table in the wilderness?*" to doubt His Father's protection by an unlawful use of Divine power in His own behalf; to doubt His Father's Word, "*Man doth not live by bread only, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of the Lord.*" (Deut. viii, 3.) For forty days He had fed on that Word, and lived by it. He would still do without material bread. He would still wait His Father's command.

Then Jesus was to be the great Teacher. The law commanded the prophets to live and teach. And we can not teach what we do not first live.

Billy Bray, the powerful lay preacher, was a good

illustration of this. In his sermon on temptations, he says:

"Friends, last week I was diggin' my 'tatures. It was a poor yield; there was hardly a sound one in the lot. An' while I was adiggin', the devil comes an' says,

" 'Billy, do you think your Father do love you?'

" 'I should reckon He do,' I says.

" 'Well, I do n't,' says the tempter. 'If your Father loved you, Billy Bray, He 'd give you a pretty yield o' 'tatures—and ever so many of 'em, and every one of 'em as big as your fist, for He could easy give you plenty. An' if He loved you He would too.'

" 'O' course I was n't going to let him talk o' my Father like that, so I turned on him.

" 'Pray, sir,' says I, 'who may you be, comin' a-talkin' like this? I know you, sir, an' I know my Father too. And to think o' your sayin' He do n't love me. Why, I've got your written character, and it do say you are a liar from the beginnin'. An' I am sorry to add that I used to have a personal acquaintance with you years since, and served you faithful as a poor wretch could, and all you gave me was rags to my back, and a wretched home, an an achin' head—an' no 'tatures—an' the fear o' hell to finish with. An' here's my dear Father in heaven. I've been a child of His near thirty years. And He's given me a clean heart, and a soul full of joy, and a lovely suit o' white as 'll never wear out, and He says He 'll make a king o' me

an' He'll take me home to His palace to reign with Him forever. And now you come a-talkin' like that.'

"Bless 'ee, my dear friends, he went off in a minute and never said good-mornin'."

Second, Jesus was tempted to presume upon God's goodness. Satan could not get Jesus to doubt God or to despair. Then, as some one suggests, Satan changed his tactics. He took Jesus to the holy city on the dizzy height of the rocky precipice on which the temple was built, and said something like this :

"You trust God at all costs and under all circumstances. Then cast yourself down, claim the psalmist's promise of angelic protection. Down in the temple courts are the crowds assembled for the sacrifice. Alight unharmed amidst them, claim their allegiance, manifest your Messiahship by a proof out of which they can not creep."

It was a temptation to claim the Divine promise that the people might quickly acknowledge that He was King Jesus, and listen to His Word. But Jesus remembered the words the devil omitted, "To keep thee in all thy ways" (Ps. xci, 11), and saw that He had no warrant for faith in God except as He kept in the path of obedience to God.

Again He foiled the enemy with the written Word, "Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God."

If Satan can not shake our faith he will push us into fanaticism. If we will not distrust God's power, he will

tempt us to demand evidence of it. If we will not doubt God, he will have us tempt Him.

To peril one's life to rescue a fellow-being is to trust God; to unnecessarily expose one's self to danger is to tempt God.

Some years ago, Kate Shelly was given a gold medal by the Iowa Legislature for a brave venture through a fearful thunderstorm to save an express train from wreck.

One night looking out of her window by the flashes of lightning she saw that the railroad bridge had been swept away. Just then a locomotive plunged into the abyss below.

She lighted a lantern, and alone, amid the thunder, lightning, and storm, crept up a rocky steep, and with her clothes torn to rags and flesh lacerated, she reached the rails and crept out to the last tie of the fallen bridge, swung the lantern back and forth over the abyss, until she heard the faint voice of the engineer, who, though in the greatest peril, cried to her to go quickly and give the alarm to save the express train.

She started for the nearest station, a mile away. She had to cross a high trestle bridge of five hundred feet in length. A gust of wind put out her lantern, which she threw away as she could not relight it. She crept along from tie to tie over the trestle, her way lighted by flashes of lightning. Crossing the bridge, she

hastened along the rails to the station, told her story, and fell in a dead faint at the station agent's feet.

Help went quickly to the poor engineer's rescue, and telegrams flew up and down the line, saying the bridge was gone. While Kate Shelly lay unconscious the express train rushed into the depot. When the passengers learned that they had escaped a horrible death, they gathered about the brave girl of sixteen, looked gratefully into her pale, unconscious face, and upon her torn, bleeding form. They lifted her tenderly, and washed away the blood and brought her back to consciousness. With many loving words of gratitude they gave her a purse of money as a loving expression of appreciation.

In striking contrast to this heroic act is the following incident taken from a daily paper:

"A party of men, women, and children returning from church at Eagle Furnace, Ohio, started to cross a long trestle on the railroad. When about midway they heard the whistle of the evening mail train bearing down upon them at a high rate of speed. Some jumped, others were pushed into the waters of the swollen stream below. One woman became bewildered, was struck by the locomotive and killed. The others of the party were rescued after much exposure and many injuries."

Kate Shelly, risking her life to rescue others, was

heroic; the party risking life uncalled for, were presumptuous. One trusted God, the others tempted him.

Third, Jesus was tempted to shun the cross.

Upon some exceeding high mountain, Jesus stood gazing out upon the world which was in the devil's keeping. Satan offered to give back all that Adam sold him when he sinned. Jesus had no army, no political power, and at this time not a single disciple.

Was there a short, easy, painless way to save men? Could He be the Redeemer, yet the *accepted* Messiah? By one act could He have the hearts of all men through all the ages? Could He buy the world back from Satan without opposition, rejection, persecution, ignominy, sin-bearing, soul agony, and death?

It was a most awful moment in the history of the world. But the Word of God conquered. The deceiver was exposed, and with a power that sent the devil from Him, Jesus said, "Get thee hence, Satan, for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve." The temptation often comes to shun the cross, to choose Satan's way of plenty and pleasure, rather than God's way of poverty and pain.

After Jesus had resisted all Satan's temptations, the devil left Him, and angels came and ministered unto Him. Did they bring Him clean water, fresh linen, new clothing, and nourishing food? or did they only revive His fainting body, and cheer His anguished soul, and comfort His drooping spirit, and set His face stead-

fastly toward Calvary? We do not know. But we do know that the Son of God came that He might destroy the works of the devil, and that He was tempted in all points like as we are, that He might help us when we are tempted.

To be tempted is to be tried and proved. It is no sin to be tempted; it is a sin to enter into temptation. The sin is in yielding instead of enduring.

One in school, Meg had a nice piece of candy, and two or three times took a taste when she thought her teacher was n't looking. But just as Meg was taking a big bite, the teacher looked straight at her, and instead of making her throw away the candy, said:

"It is a great temptation, I know; but you do n't have to."

All the boys and girls looked around, and Meg felt so uncomfortable, and the words kept ringing in her ears,

"You do n't have to," and she did not want another bite.

We are tempted to do many things that are not always right; but we do n't have to, because Jesus will help us not to, if we ask Him.

One day, Lucy's mamma went for a ride, without taking her. Was n't the little girl tried? Mamma said,

"Lucy, you can not go to-day; you must stay at home and be a good girl."

What do you think Lucy did? You say, perhaps

she cried and said naughty words, or was saucy. No she had learned such things would do no good. When her mamma said anything, she meant it, and would not give up to her because of any naughty ways; so Lucy was sweet outside, but angry and *unsweet* inside.

When mamma had been gone some time, a little voice in her heart called her to be sorry. She felt a hurt in her heart because of her angry feelings toward her mamma. At night, she said, screamed in my heart, and then I was sorry."

Then she threw her arms around her mamma, and cried,

"Mamma, what can I do to be good inside?"

Perhaps the one who is reading this is asking the same question that Lucy asked.

I do not know what her mother told her, but I do know that if you open your heart, and let the Holy Spirit come in, and then, if you trust Him, He will keep you good inside as well as quiet outside.



HEALING THE LUNATIC.

(DORÉ.)

Chapter V.

JESUS HEALING THE LUNATIC.

JESUS came to save men. One day He stood in the synagogue in Nazareth that He used to attend when He was a boy, and said:

"The Spirit of the Lord is upon Me, because He hath anointed Me to preach the gospel to the poor; He hath sent Me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised."

Peter, preaching a sermon about Jesus, long afterward, told the people,

"God anointed Jesus of Nazareth with the Holy Spirit and with power: who went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed of the devil; for God was with Him."

Read the eighth chapter of Matthew, and see the different diseases spoken of there, and how it tells why Jesus healed.

Some ladies were talking before a little girl as though it were strange for us to expect Jesus to heal us now. The little one looked up in surprise, and said,

"Why, I thought that was what Jesus was for."

Yes, that is why He lived and loved and suffered

and died, to make us well and keep us well in spirit, soul, and body.

Jesus wrought many miracles. He restored the deaf, the dumb, the blind, the lame.

He healed people of fevers and paralysis and leprosy and all manners of diseases.

One of the most beautiful instances of His healing is that of a lunatic boy.

This insane boy lost all control of himself, so that he used to fall down anywhere.

His disease was like what we call epilepsy.

One day he fell into the fire, and would have burned to death if some one had not rescued him.

Another time he fell into the water, and would have been drowned if he had not quickly been taken out.

It was not safe to leave him alone a moment. He was a constant care and grief to his parents, as they feared he would surely one day be killed in some dreadful way.

His father heard of Jesus, and went to Him, and told Him about his boy. And Jesus rebuked the demon, and he departed out of him, and the child was cured from that very hour.

How happy the little fellow was to be able to go to school, and to read the Bible, and to play with the other children; and how he must have loved Jesus!

And I am so glad that Jesus is just as willing to

heal the sick to-day as He was when He lived on the earth.

We know He is, because the Bible says, "Jesus Christ the same, yesterday and to-day and forever," and because there are many, many people being healed in these days.

In a paper called *World-wide Missions* is the story of a Japanese girl, eighteen years of age, who was beautifully healed in answer to the prayers of some missionaries.

During the great distress early in the summer of 1890, the missionaries were distributing rice in Japan to two or three hundred of the poor at their station.

One mother who came for food told them that she had a mad daughter at home, who had been insane for a year. The missionaries went to call upon the mother. It was a wretched, pagan home; one dark, miserable room—all the home they had for the mother, two sons, and this poor, mad girl! The lunatic was kept in a cage, a sort of closet with bars. The spectacle was pitiful in the extreme. Yet the girl's face, notwithstanding its wildness, had something sweet and pathetic in its expression. She went from side to side of her cage, like a poor, wild animal, throwing herself, from time to time, against the bars, or trying to climb up on them. She was without clothing; for she would keep nothing about her, but occasionally a piece of matting, which she would draw around herself.

Sometimes she would become so violent that the police would have to be called in. The missionaries visited her at regular intervals during the day. What could be done? That one question pressed on them. They could not leave that poor, caged child—for she was little more—to a life in that dark, stifling closet. But this case brought out the fact that there were no asylums for the insane poor in Japan. The girl at last grew so violent she was taken to a hospital, where she became so much worse that they were obliged to tie her hands and feet. This caused her great suffering. She refused to eat, and was in danger of starvation. They took her back to her cage worse than when she left it.

The missionaries had been praying for her all along, but now felt that they must unitedly, in a definite way, commit her case to God; and so several of them went, one evening, to the wretched home, and joined in special prayer for the poor girl.

Her condition was apparently hopeless. There was her miserable abode, her mother ignorant of God—with a vacant, wild look in her eye—and her crazed daughter peering through the bars, throwing at the missionaries all she could find in her cage. Yet, hopeless as it all seemed, that strange, beautiful love of Christ seemed welling up in their hearts for that girl, as though He were yearning over her, wanting to bless her, wanting to show how He loved her. At

length it seemed that she read their loving thoughts in some undefined way; for she looked at them a few moments inquiringly, wonderingly. Then she let one of them stroke her arm and speak soothingly to her. Then, suddenly, the wild look came back again. She seized the lady's hand with a grasp of iron, so that with difficulty she drew it away. Then they sat down, and read to the mother from the New Testament, how Jesus healed those possessed with evil spirits, and told her that He had the same power now, and would hear if they prayed for her daughter. The missionaries did this in very simple words, which she could understand. Before leaving, they sang,

“Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly.”

At once the mad girl became quiet. She stood still, listening. They felt sure that she could be helped with the right treatment, such as is now given to the insane. Her response to the little they could do to soothe and win her proved it.

The next day the mother came to the relief station, and said that her daughter had slept nearly all night. The week following she continued to improve, and wished to knit. She talked about the “Jesus people,” and wished them to come again.

They went again to her. Then she sent her love to Miss R——, and said she would come to see her,

but the lady "must put her name on the door," so she might know it.

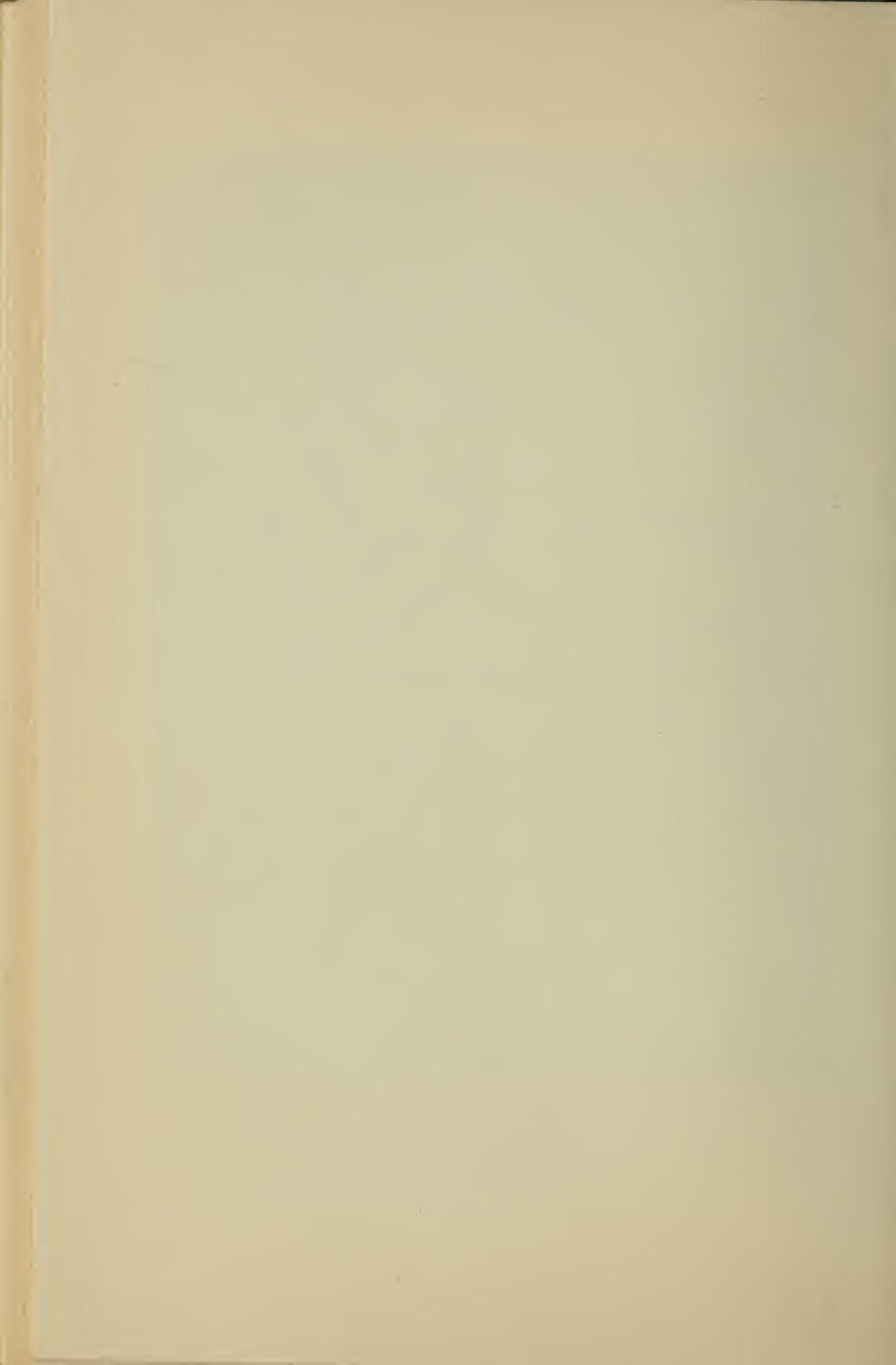
The mother ceased receiving aid; for her son was now able to support her. However, favorable accounts were heard from the family from time to time, till one day word came to the missionaries, "The crazy girl is well!" They visited her, and returned rejoicing, having seen her clothed and in her right mind.

They found her at the door in exuberant health, with a brilliant color and expression. They thought she was a stranger. They were surprised; for they did not recognize her. No trace remained of that poor, wan face and suffering eyes. It was hard to believe that she was the once caged lunatic. As soon as she caught sight of them, such a look of love and pleasure came over her face! She arose at once; and prostrated herself to the floor again and again. She poured forth her thanks, and then her mother and brother came forward and joined with her in thanksgiving, and said that it was God who had healed her; for she began to recover after that prayer and song.

The missionary told them it was to God they owed their thanks. It was a joy to use this experience as an appeal to them to make Him their God.

It was this girl's case that made Dr. Thwing, of Brooklyn, see the need of free asylums for the insane in Japan, and led him to give a lecture on the sub-

ject at Tokio, July 1, 1890, which resulted in the setting on foot a movement for that end. While the missionaries were waiting and hoping for such an asylum for one poor child, the merciful Lord undertook her case Himself, and set her free.



Whatever be thy longing or thy need,
That do thou give :
So shall thy soul be fed, and thou, indeed,
Shalt truly live."

The Bible says a good deal about fruit. It tells us that the fruit of our lips is praise; that the fruit of our substance is gifts; that the fruit of our service is souls born into the kingdom; that "the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance."

Love is the fruit, and there are eight varieties.

1. *Joy*.—*Joy is Love Rejoicing*. One day, in a Paris court, a pretty girl, poorly but neatly clad, was brought up on a charge of vagrancy.

"Does any one claim you?" asked the magistrate.

"Ah, my good sir," said she; "I have no longer friends. My father and mother are dead. I have only one brother, James; but he is almost as young as I am. O sir, what can he do for me?"

"The court must send you to the house of correction."

"Here I am, sister—here I am. Do not fear!" cried a childish voice from the other end of the court.

And, at the same instant, a little boy with a lovely face started from amid the crowd, and stood before the judge.

"Who are you?" said he.

"James Rome, the brother of this little girl."

"Your age?"

"Thirteen."

"What do you want?"

"I come to claim my sister Lucille."

"But have you the means of taking care of her?"

"Yesterday I had not, but now I have. Do n't be afraid, Lucille."

"O, how good you are, James!"

"Well, let us see, boy," said the magistrate. "The court is disposed to do all it can for your sister; but you must give us some explanation."

"About a fortnight ago," said the boy, "my mother died of a bad cough. We were in great trouble. Then I said to myself, 'I will learn a trade; I will support my sister.' I went to a brushmaker. Every day I used to carry her half of my dinner, and at night I took her to my room, and she slept in my bed while I slept on the floor. But it appears she had not enough to eat. One day she begged on the street, and was taken up. When I heard that, I said to myself:

"'Come, my boy, things can't last so. You must find something better.'

"I found a place where I am lodged, fed, and clothed, and have twenty francs a month. I have also found a good woman who, for these twenty francs, will take care of Lucille, and teach her needlework. I claim my sister."

"My boy," said the judge, "your conduct is very

honorable. However, your sister can not be set at liberty till to-morrow."

"Never mind, Lucille," said the boy; "I will come and fetch you to-morrow." Then, turning to the magistrate, he said, "I may kiss her, may I not, sir?"

He threw himself into the arms of his sister, and both were filled with joy as they thought of being together once more.

2. *Peace.—Peace is Love Reposing.* An express train was rushing on one day at frightful speed, carrying war dispatches. It hurried round the curves with a velocity that threatened to hurl it from the track.

The passengers were frightened, all of them, but one little girl, who sat all alone in perfect peace.

At last the train stopped. A gentleman, the engineer, came through the cars, and bent over the child, and said,

"Were not you afraid?"

"O no, papa; I was not afraid when you were running the train," she said.

The Bible tells us perfect love casts out all fear. Surely the story of this sweet child teaches us that peace is love reposing.

3. *Longsuffering.—Longsuffering is Love Tried and True.* In the Woodward Garden, at San Francisco, was a lion so wild and fierce that it was dangerous to go near him; but the superintendent, by persistent kindness, won the love of the noble beast, so that he could go into

his cage, and drop down beside him, and the lion would raise his head to give him a soft place on which to lie.

One day, a drunken sailor struck at the superintendent. The lion roared so fearfully, and dashed so frantically against his cage, that the man ran away frightened.

At length, the lion had a tumor. A difficult operation had to be performed, but no one dared even to approach the lion except the superintendent. The physicians drew a diagram of the operation, showing him where to cut.

With fear he entered the cage with his implements; for the lion was restless with pain. He followed the medical directions, talking soothingly to the noble beast. The lion let him cut, and bore the knife bravely, and licked his hand gratefully when it was over. But the operation only afforded temporary relief, and the lion suffered so much it was decided he must be killed.

The superintendent took his revolver, and, after petting the animal, put the muzzle close to his head, and fired one shot. The lion made no resistance, but gave his keeper a pathetic look, in which there was no anger, only surprise and reproach. Three times the man was obliged to fire, but the poor beast only looked at him with a sad, beseeching, perplexed look, and so he died.

As we read how a love which was only human could so tame and quiet and absorb a beast of the field, let us resolve that infinite love shall fill our hearts and lives, so that, when we are tried, we may be true.

4. *Gentleness.*—*Gentleness is Love Yielding.* There is a story of a little girl whom they called the Princess because she was so loving and sunny about the house. One day she was going to have a party, and she said to her sister :

“I do n’t want Mamie Price at my party, an’ I ain’t going to have her.”

“But you must, Princess, dear ; for Mamie is our cousin, and it would never do to have a party without asking her.”

“But it ’s my party, an’ I ought to have a right to ’vite anybody I like.”

Lulu glanced up from the new book she was reading, and, placing her hand upon her little sister’s shoulder, said, “Mamie does n’t always act naughty, and I ’m sure she would never dream of leaving you out if she was to have a party.”

“But I never did horrid things to her dolls!” persisted Princess.

“And that ’s just why you ought to be good to her,” said Lulu ; “for do n’t you remember what mamma read to us last Sunday, that we should love our enemies, and do good even to those who were bad to us?

"This is just what it meant, I guess, and I think she would say it's just a nice chance to do what the Bible tells us to."

"Well, then, she'll make eight, and Minnie Lee and Flossie Bates will be ten. That's all I want," said Princess, as she ran across the room in answer to mamma's call.

She had resolved to do what was right. She yielded, and instantly she became the same loving, sunny little girl that had won from her friends the title of Princess.

Whenever we think of the Princess, let us remember that gentleness is love yielding.

5. *Goodness.*—*Goodness is Love Holy.* Somebody has written a story of a poor dressmaker who had this love. Here is the story:

A little orphan girl lived with her grandmother. They were very poor, but neat and tidy. Perhaps I should say they were rich in one thing: they had a Bible; and in the Bible they found God a tried Friend; they found Jesus Christ a precious Savior; they found a beautiful garment, holiness; a beautiful ornament, a meek and quiet spirit; a house not made with hands, heaven. So the old grandmother and the little girl were not so poor after all. They were richer by far than people with plenty of money who had *not* found these. The little girl's name was Sarah Martin.

When Sarah was old enough, she had to earn her living. As she was too delicate to do hard work, her

grandmother thought she had better learn dressmaking. For this purpose she had to go to Yarmouth, a town three miles from the village where they lived. She used to walk in to town in the morning, and out home at night. Was n't she afraid? Sarah was so sweet-tempered and good, I am sure nobody would harm her; and, then, she put her trust in God, and knew He would take care of her. By and by she began to earn a shilling a day by pretty diligent sewing, and was thankful for it.

The court used to hold its sittings at Yarmouth. One day a woman was going to be tried for cruelly beating her little child. Awful stories were told about her, and everybody's blood curdled at hearing them. She was lodged in the jail. Sarah used to pass the jail going to and from her work. She, as well as everybody else, looked up to it as they passed, thinking of the cruel creature in it.

Did Sarah hate her? Almost everybody did, judging by their talk. Did she despise her, call her "horrid," "awful," and all the hard names she could think of? No. Sarah *loved* her. "That is strange," you will say. Well, she did. I think she was the only person in all Yarmouth that had a spark of love for her. If Sarah did love her, what then? You know love well enough, perhaps, to know that it always wants to be *doing* something. Love is very industrious.

But what could poor Sarah Martin's love do? She

thought she should like to go and see the woman. But that great, black, ugly-looking jail, who would have the heart to go there? It seemed to her even to *smell* wicked. She, however, stopped one morning at the porch and knocked, and when the jail-keeper came to the door, she asked leave to visit the poor creature who beat her child so. "No," said the jail-keeper, eyeing her, "you can't go."

This looked as if her love was n't of much use; so she turned, and walked sorrowfully away to her work.

A few days after, she stopped at the porch again. She knocked. The jail-keeper came, and again he saw modest little Sarah Martin at the door. She asked what she asked before. This time he said, "Yes," and let her in, and told the turnkey to show her to the right cell.

"Curiosity," I dare say he thought; yet he would not say "No" a second time.

Sarah followed the turnkey through the long, dark, damp passages of the big jail, with their small, high, grated windows, which we should think the cheerful sun would hardly condescend to look into, only that the sun is not at all proud; it visits the lowly just as much as the high, and *always* the poor prisoners, when it can get in, as Sarah Martin has; for by this time she is directly opposite the cell, the turnkey is rattling his huge keys, unlocking the big lock, the iron door is swinging open, Sarah is face to face with the bad

woman. I wonder if she minds the straw bed, the dirty coverlet, the miserable, comfortless look everything has. The woman—she has a horrid expression—stares at her unexpected visitor.

“What do you come here for?” she asked Sarah in a harsh voice.

“I come,” answered Sarah, meekly, “because I love you. You are guilty and miserable. I come to tell you of God’s mercy, the comfort you can find in the grace of His dear Son.”

O, that kind tone, that pitying eye! The woman knew in a minute she had a friend; and the poor sinner burst out crying, and thanked her for coming. What the law, the officers of justice, the jail, and jail-keeper could not do, Sarah Martin’s Christian love did—it softened her hard heart, and paved the way for her amendment. It was a good visit; the first, but not the last.

She went again and again. The other prisoners, hearing of her, wanted her to come and see them. She always carried her little Bible (she called it the prisoner’s friend), read to them, and instructed them in its precious truths. Old, gray-headed criminals wept as they listened to her; thieves, pickpockets, wicked sailors, and bad boys respected her. As she read, prayed, and felt for them by turns, it seemed as if an angel had come. They saw how blessed it was to be good, and for the first time in their lives longed to be

good themselves. Their wicked ways never seemed so wicked!

Sarah found a great many of them could neither read nor write, and she felt she must have the privilege of teaching them. Where was she to get the time?

"I thought it right," she says, "to give up a day in the week from dressmaking to serve the prisoners." Poor as she was, nobody ever paid her for the time; yet she said, "It was a pecuniary loss, but it was ever followed with abundant satisfaction; for the blessing of God was on me."

O yes, God paid her! She found such delight in His service as nothing in this world could give. The Holy Spirit helped her every step of the way; otherwise it would have been a very hard task.

A poor dressmaker giving up one-sixth part of her working-time to do good among the worst of society in a common jail must make a good many of us ashamed. How backward we are even to make one visit to the needy; how loath even to try to save a poor soul from ruin! How unbelieving about the Holy Spirit helping us, or the Lord Jesus receiving poor sinners, if we do try!

At last the old grandmother died, leaving Sarah an income of ten pounds a year. She then moved into Yarmouth, and took two small rooms in a poor part of the town. But her dressmaking began to fall off—

it quite fell off. Ought she not to give up the poor prisoners, and try to get back her business? Prudent people told her she ought.

“No,” she said, with quiet firmness; “I have counted the cost, my mind is made up. If, while instructing others in God’s good truth, I am exposed to temporal want, so momentary a privation is nothing in comparison with following the Lord in thus ministering to others.”

She enlarged her labors, and finally gave her whole time to them, refused all pay, went home every night to her poor little lodgings, tired, hungry, and cold, kindled her own fire, made her own tea, and went to bed all alone. God blessed and prospered her work, and filled her bosom with sweet peace and contentment.

Is not this enough to kindle in you a desire to have the goodness which is love holy?

6. *Faith.—Faith is Love Overcoming.* Two men were sinking a shaft in a coal-mine. It was a dangerous business; for it was necessary to blast the rock. It was their custom to cut the fuse with a sharp knife. One man then entered the bucket, and made a signal to be hauled up. When the bucket again descended, the other man entered it, and, with one hand on the signal-rope, the other holding the fire, he touched the fuse, made the signal, and was rapidly drawn up before the explosion took place. One day they left the knife

above; and, rather than ascend to procure it, they cut the fuse with a sharp stone. It took fire. "The fuse is on fire!" Both men leaped into the bucket, and made the signal; but the windlass would haul up but one man at a time: only one could escape.

One of the men instantly leaped out, and said to the other, "Up wi' ye; I'll be in heaven in a minute."

With lightning speed the bucket was drawn up, and one man was saved. The explosion took place. Men descended, expecting to find the mangled body of the other miner; but the blast had loosened a mass of rock, and it lay across him in such a way that it left him in a kind of cave, and did not fall on him and crush him. With the exception of a few bruises and a little scorching he was unhurt.

They asked him:

"Why did you insist on this other man's ascending?"

In his quaint dialect he replied: "Because I knowed my soul was safe; for I have gie it in the hands of Him of whom it is said that 'faithfulness is the girdle of His reins;' and I knowed that what I gied Him He'd never gie up. But t' other chap was an awful wicked lad, and I wanted to gie him another chance."

7. *Meekness.*—*Meekness is Love Hiding.* There is a little tract called "A Mother's Love," which will help us to understand how meekness is love hiding.

In a beautiful Italian village a bad plague broke

out, which took off the whole of the family it first attacked. On the opposite side of the way lived the family of a poor laborer, who was absent during the whole week, only coming on Saturday nights to bring his scanty earnings. One evening his wife was attacked by the plague. In the morning she was much worse, and before night the plague spot showed itself. She thought of the terrible fate of her neighbors if they took the plague from her.

She knew she must die ; but as she looked upon her dear little boys, she resolved not to communicate death to them. She therefore locked the children in the room, and snatched her bed-clothes, lest they should keep the contagion behind her, and left the house. She even denied herself the sad pleasure of a last embrace. Think of the heroism that enabled her to conquer her feelings, and leave home and all she loved to die ! Her eldest child saw her from the window. "Good-bye, mother," said he, in tenderest tones ; for he wondered why his mother left him so strangely.

"Good-bye, mother," repeated the youngest child, stretching his little hand out of the window. The mother paused. Her heart was drawing back. She struggled hard, while the tears rolled down her cheeks at the sight of her helpless babes. But she turned from them.

The children continued to cry, "Good-bye, mother."

The sounds sent a thrill of anguish to her heart; but she hid it away, and never let the little ones know how her heart was aching. She pressed on to the house of those who were to bury her, and in two days she died.

8. *Temperance.—Temperance is Love Denying Self.* Here is a beautiful story of two little street waifs, which shows how love is willing to deny itself to be a comfort to others.

"See here, Andy," said Jim to his chum, "my ticket is for two weeks; a big orchard, sheep, cows, and milk by the bucket, old boy. I tell you what we'll do; we'll go halves; you jes' take my ticket, and 'low you are Jim Benner, and get shipped off right to the country. Now, let's say you been there a week; you up's and tells you ain't Jim Benner; what then? Why, they packs you back to town, and they has me out 'stead of you."

"You go first, Jim," Andy said; "then you let on you ain't Jim, and send back for me; and I'll keep your box and black shoes."

Jim saw the weak point in this scheme, and doubted whether he could disprove his identity; but Andy could not be trusted to carry out the first plan, so the next thing was the second. Neither boy shrank from the falsehood. They did not know of Him who hateth a lie.

So Jim went to the country, while Andy took his stand, and did his best to "shine" Jim's customers, and watched eagerly round the corner for Jim to come back and let him take a turn at the orchard and the sheep.

Meanwhile the poor city waif at Farmer Stone's was treated to the best of everything.

"Jim Benner," said Farmer Stone, "you are welcome to all you can get, and the only return I ask is that you never tell a lie while you are here."

Jim promised, saying to himself: "Andy's chance is up, 'cause I can't say I ain't Jim Benner 'thout telling a lie; and I promised not to tell a lie."

But as the days went on, and Jim watched the ways of the God-serving family, he longed for his little mate to share his new view of life; and one day he made a clean breast of the promise he had made Andy to change names with him. The next day, Andy came to Clover Hill.

"I've made up my mind," said the farmer's wife, "that them two boys is not to go back to the city. You step around lively, father, and get a place for the little chap, and we'll have work enough for Jim."

"Seems likely that 's what the Lord sent them out here for. They was busy keeping some of His commandments—'bout loving one another and preferring one another—and now He's passed 'em on to us to teach them the rest."

And they are teaching us too, these poor little waifs,
that temperance is love denying self.

“This beautiful world has much of care
And sorrow and pain and strife,
And burdens indeed would be hard to bear
If love did not sweeten life.
The tenderest joy we shall ever know
On earth or in heaven above
Is the fairest light that will ever glow,
And its beautiful name is love.

O what should we do in the time of joy,
And what in the time of tears,
If tenderest hearts did not beat with ours,
Nor sympathy bless our years?
And what should we do in our failing powers
If love were not true and fond
To brighten the wearisome days and hours
Till we come to the gates beyond?

O love is the beautiful light of home,
Whatever of grief betides—
And heaven is there with its shining dome
In the heart where love abides.
O! love is the meaning of God himself
And love is the magic key
To open the door of the hardest heart,
The glory of God to see.

God pity the lives that are dark and lone,
Where the love-light does not fall,
And send to them some who shall make Him known
That His dear love may bless them all.
The tenderest joy we shall ever know
On earth or in heaven above,
Is the fairest light that will ever glow,
And its beautiful name is love.”

Those who have all the eight varieties of the fruit of the Spirit in their lives will never be like the barren fig-tree, will they?

Let us stop a moment, and pray Jesus that we may constantly bear the fruit of the Spirit—love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance.

Chapter VII.

JESUS RAISING JAIRUS' DAUGHTER.

IN his beautiful home among the hills lived a rich ruler of the synagogue, named Jairus.

He had an only daughter, twelve years old, whom he loved dearly.

One day she was taken very ill. Her father and mother watched over her, and did all they could for her, but she grew worse.

At last she lay so white and still they thought she was dying. Their hearts were breaking, and there was no more that they could do; for all their wealth could not make their little one well.

Perhaps then they prayed to the Heavenly Father, and suddenly thought of Jesus, and how, one day, He was walking out near the gate of the city of Nain, and saw a dead man carried out to be buried, the only son of his mother, and she a widow, and remembered how Jesus had compassion on her, and went right to the bier, and touched it, and said, "Young man, I say unto thee, Arise."

And the dead son sat up and began to speak, and Jesus gave him to his mother.



RAISING DAUGHTER OF JAIRUS.

And I think Jairus must have said something like this to his wife:

"If Jesus could raise that mother's dead son, He can make our little girl well. I heard them say He was going to dine at Matthew's house to-day. I am going to see if I can not find Him."

And almost before the wife could answer, he went away to Matthew's house, and there was Jesus sitting at the table, and all the people listening to his words.

Jairus crowded in, and fell down at Jesus' feet, and worshiped Him, and said,

"My little daughter lieth at the point of death: but I pray Thee, Come and lay Thy hands on her, that she may be healed, and she shall live."

And Jesus arose, and went with him, and so did His disciples.

But as He went, the crowd that followed Him was so great it was hard for them to get on.

In the throng was a poor, sick woman, who had had an issue of blood twelve years, as many years as the little girl was old. She had spent all her money to be healed, and had suffered much from many doctors, but grew worse instead of better.

Some one told her about Jesus, and she came in the crowd behind Him, and touched the hem of His robe; for she said to herself,

"If I may but touch His clothes, I shall be whole."

And the woman was made well from that hour,

and the disease of blood was dried up, and she felt in her body that she was healed of her plague.

Jesus knew that virtue had gone out of Him to heal some one; so He turned and said to the crowd, "Who touched Me?"

They all said: "It was not I! It was not I!"

Then Peter and the other disciples thought Jesus had asked a queer question, and they said,

"Master, the crowd throng Thee and press Thee; why dost Thou say, 'Who touched Me?' "

And Jesus said, kindly, "Some one has touched me; for I know that virtue has gone out of me."

And He looked round about to see who had touched Him. And when the woman saw that she could not be hid, she came with fear and trembling, and threw herself at His feet, and told Him all the truth, how she touched Him, and was instantly made whole.

Jesus looked at her so tenderly, and said:

"Daughter, be of good comfort; thy faith hath made thee whole. Go in peace, and be whole of thy plague."

All this time Jairus stood there, waiting and thinking of his dear, sick daughter.

It was hard to have the throng hinder and the poor woman stop Him when his case was so much more urgent.

But think of all the beautiful lessons for Jairus and for us out of the delay.

Nothing is too hard for Jesus.

There is no limit to God's power.

God has no need to hurry.

Jesus loves the poor as much as the rich.

Delay tests faith to strengthen it. But delay is not denial.

Because God does not seem to hear prayer to-day is no sign we shall not know to-morrow that He has heard.

There are other needy ones beside ourselves to whom our waiting may prove a blessing.

Selfish impatience must be checked. Delay prepares our hearts for richer blessings.

Nothing Jesus does for others will hinder His doing for us.

While Jairus stood there, sorrowful over the delay, a friend of his, another ruler of the synagogue, came to him, and said:

"Thy daughter is dead. Why troublest thou the Master any further?"

Poor Jairus!

He must have said to himself, "Is there, then, no hope?"

But Jesus looked right at him so kindly, and said, "Be not afraid; only believe, and she shall be made whole."

As some one suggests, it was as if He had said:

"Do not be afraid. Persevere in the faith you have

shown thus far. My power is equal to My love. I can raise the little one from the dead as easily as from the sick-bed. Rest in My word, just believe Me, and your child shall live."

And Jesus came to the house of the ruler of the synagogue.

In the East, where Jesus lived, as soon as any one died, their friends hired mourners to come and weep for them. When Jesus and Jairus came to the house, the hired mourners and some friends and neighbors were there, weeping, and beating their breasts, tearing their hair, and making a great noise. Jesus said to them:

"Why make ye this ado and weep? Weep not; give place; for the damsel is not dead, but sleepeth."

When God's children die, they are said to sleep. That means that they will rise again; and there is something very different in their dying from the dying of the wicked.

And they laughed Him to scorn, knowing that to them she was dead. The wicked make fun of what they do not understand.

Jesus put them all out of the house. They did not believe Him, and they could not stay with Him.

Then He took the three chosen disciples and the father and mother, and went into the child's room, and took the little girl by the hand, and said unto her, "Little darling, I say unto thee, Arise."

And straightway the little girl's spirit came into her body, and she arose and walked.

Her parents were so astonished and delighted they forgot that the little girl had been so ill, and had not eaten anything, and was faint; but Jesus did not forget. He said:

"Give her something to eat."

Jesus charged them that they should tell no man what was done.

Jesus did not care for fame, and to have the miracle noised abroad would not be pleasant for the little girl. But they did not obey Him, and told the story, and His fame went abroad in all the land.

Some one relates a beautiful incident of a little Jewish girl named Deborah, who lived in Russia. She learned many verses of the New Testament from a Christian boy who had committed them to memory. Among the verses was this story of the raising of Jairus' daughter.

One day, on the arrival of Deborah's father, who had been gone from home a long time, she ran to meet him, and said, "I do love Jesus; he loved little children." This made the father angry; for the Jews do not believe that Jesus really was the Son of God. They believe that Jesus is yet to come.

So the father told his child never to speak of Jesus again. Soon the child was stricken with scarlet fever, and the doctor gave no hope. A Gentile woman was called to nurse the child, as the Jews feared the fever.

As the little one lay there unconscious, the woman quoted a verse of a hymn, and the father of little Deborah offered the death-bed prayer of the Jews.

Then the child opened her eyes, and repeated, word for word, the story of Jairus' daughter.

When she finished, her head fell back, and to all appearance she was gone. In an agony of mind the father fell down at the feet of Jesus, and besought Him, saying, "O Jesus, Thou who didst raise up the daughter of Jairus, raise up my little Deborah, and I will believe in Thee as Israel's Messiah!"

That cry of agony was heard, and the child lived, and her father kept his promise, and believed on Jesus, and all his house was saved.

Not often does any one have faith to ask Jesus to give their friends back to them from the dead; but the day is surely coming when all the dead that are in their graves shall hear His voice, and they that hear shall live.

A little girl, not four years old, prattled constantly of a beloved uncle who was daily expected to arrive in a steamer from the South. But at last news came that he had died at sea, and been buried under the waves, and the child was heartbroken. She could not be comforted until some one told her of the blessed hope of the Lord's coming and the resurrection. Then she went to her play, subdued and satisfied. Some time after, seeing one of the family in tears, she said,

"Uncle will not always stay down there in the deep,

deep water; for Jesus is coming, and He will bring him up again all bright and new."

Yes, dear ones, Jesus is coming again, and those you have "loved and lost awhile" will come up out of their graves and meet those who shall be living when He comes, and together they shall be caught up to meet the Lord in the air, and so shall they ever be with the Lord. (1 Thess, iv, 14-18.)

Chapter VIII.

FEEDING THE MULTITUDE.

ONE day when Jesus heard that His faithful forerunner, John the Baptist, had been beheaded by Herod, He said to His twelve apostles,

“Come ye apart into a desert place and rest awhile.”

For ther were many coming and going, and they had no leisure so much as to eat.

And Jesus took them, and they departed thence and went aside by ship, privately, over the Sea of Galilee, which is the Sea of Tiberias, into a desert place apart belonging to the city called Bethsaida.

And the people had heard thereof, and saw them departing, and many knew Him, and a great multitude followed Him, because they saw His miracles which He did on them that were diseased, and they ran afoot thither out of all the cities, and outwent Him and His disciples, and came together unto them.

And Jesus, when He came out, went up into a mountain, and there He sat with His disciples. And the passover, a feast of the Jews, was nigh.

When Jesus then lifted up His eyes, and saw much people come unto Him, He was moved with compassion toward them, because they were as sheep not having



CHRIST FEEDING THE MULTITUDE.
(MURILLO.)

a shepherd; and He received them, and began to teach them many things of the kingdom of God, and healed them that had need of healing.

And when the day began to wear away, and was now far spent, He saith unto Philip, "Whence shall we buy bread, that these may eat?" And this He said to prove him; for He Himself knew what He would do.

Philip answered Him, "Two hundred pennyworth of bread is not sufficient for them, that every one of them may take a little."

Then His disciples came to Him, and said unto Him, "This is a desert place, and now the time is far passed; send the multitude away, that they may go into the country round about, and into the towns and villages, and lodge and buy themselves bread and victuals, for they have nothing to eat, and we are in a desert place."

But Jesus answered, and said unto them, "They need not depart; give ye them to eat."

And they say unto Him, "Shall we go and buy two hundred pennyworth of bread, and give them to eat?"

He saith unto them, "How many loaves have ye? go and see."

And when they knew, one of His disciples, Andrew, Simon Peter's brother, saith unto Him, "There is a lad here which hath five barley loaves, and two small fishes: but what are they among so many? We have here no more but five loaves and two fishes: except we should go and buy meat for all this people."

He said, "Bring them hither to Me." And He commanded His disciples to make all the multitude to sit down by companies, by fifties in a company, upon the green grass. (Now, there was much grass in the place.) And they did so, and made them sit down in ranks, by hundreds, and by fifties.

And when He had taken the five loaves and the two fishes, He looked up to heaven and He blessed, and when He had given thanks, He brake the loaves, and gave them to His disciples to set before them, and the disciples distributed and gave them to the multitude that were sitting down; and likewise the two fishes divided He among them all, as much as they would. And they did all eat, and were all filled.

When they were filled, He said unto His disciples, "Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost."

Therefore, they gathered them together, and filled twelve baskets with the fragments of the five barley loaves and of the fishes, that remained over and above unto them that had eaten. And they that had eaten of the loaves were in number about five thousand men, beside women and children.

Then these men, when they had seen the miracle that Jesus did, said, "This is of a truth that prophet that should come into the world.

And when Jesus therefore perceived that they would

come and take Him by force, to make Him a king, He straightway constrained His disciples to get into a ship, and to go before Him to the other side, unto Bethsaida, while He sent the multitudes away. And His disciples went down unto the sea, and entered into a ship, and went over the sea toward Capernaum.

And when He had sent the multitudes away, He departed, and went up again into a mountain apart to pray; and when the evening was come, and it was now dark, Jesus Himself was there alone on the land, not having come to them. But the sea arose by reason of a great wind that blew, and the ship was now in the midst of the sea, tossed with waves; for the wind was contrary unto them; and He saw them toiling in rowing.

And about the fourth watch of the night, when they had rowed about twenty-five or thirty furlongs, Jesus went unto them, walking upon the sea, and would have passed by them.

And when the disciples saw Him walking upon the sea, and drawing nigh unto the ship, they supposed it had been a spirit: for they all saw Him, and were troubled, saying, "It is a spirit." And they were afraid, and cried out for fear.

But immediately, Jesus spake unto them, saying, "Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid."

And Peter answered Him, and said, "Lord, if it be Thou, bid me come unto Thee on the water."

And He said, "Come."

And when Peter was come out of the ship, he walked on the water to go to Jesus.

But when he saw the wind boisterous, he was afraid; and, beginning to sink, he cried, saying, "Lord, save me!"

And immediately Jesus stretched forth His hand, and caught him, and said unto him, "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?"

Then they went up into the ship, and they that were in the ship willingly received them into it. And when they were come into the ship, the wind ceased. Then they that were in the ship were sore amazed in themselves beyond measure, and wondered. For they considered not the miracle of the loaves; for their hearts were hard. And they came and worshiped Him, saying, "Of a truth Thou art the Son of God."

And immediately the ship was at the land whither they went, and drew to the shore.

And when they were gone over, they came to the land of Gennesaret. And when they were come out of the ship, straightway the men of that place had knowledge of Him, and they ran through that whole region, and sent out into all that country round about, and began to carry about in beds, all that were sick, and brought unto Him all that were diseased, where they heard He was, and besought Him that they might

only touch the hem of His garment, and as many as touched were made perfectly whole.

And whithersoever He entered, into villages, or cities, or country, they laid the sick in the streets, and besought Him that they might touch if it were but the border of His garment; and as many as touched Him were made whole.

The day following, when the people had found Him on the other side of the sea, they said unto Him, "Rabbi, when camest Thou hither?" Jesus answered them, and said, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, Ye seek Me, not because ye saw the miracles, but because ye did eat of the loaves and were filled. Labor not for the meat which perisheth, but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life, which the Son of man shall give unto you: for him hath God the Father sealed."

Then said they unto Him, "What shall we do, that we might work the works of God?"

Jesus said unto them, "This is the work of God, that ye believe on Him whom He hath sent."

They said therefore unto Him, "What sign shewest Thou then, that we may see, and believe Thee? What dost Thou work? Our fathers did eat manna in the desert; as it is written, 'He gave them bread from heaven to eat.'"

Then Jesus said unto them: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, Moses gave you not that bread from heaven.

But My Father giveth you the true bread from heaven. For the bread of God is He which cometh down from heaven, and giveth life unto the world."

Then said they unto Him, "Lord, evermore give us this bread."

And Jesus said unto them, "I am the Bread of Life."

It will help us to understand how Jesus is the Bread of Life if we see that what bread is to the body, Jesus is to the soul.

Like bread, Christ is needed by the poorest and the richest, the youngest and the oldest, the weakest and the strongest.

As nothing is so nourishing and necessary to bodily health as bread, so Christ is indispensable to the soul.

As day by day we eat bread and never tire of it, so Christ constantly satisfies every want of our spiritual nature.

As bread gives life to the body, so Jesus gives life to the soul.

As bread is to be eaten, so Christ is to be appreciated.

As through eating the forbidden fruit Eve died, so through eating heavenly food we live.

Seven times in one chapter Jesus speaks of eating His flesh, which stands for appreciating and appropriating His life and His death.

A poor soldier lay dying in a Swiss hospital. His father coming to him, found him with the stupor of death gathering over his senses.

"You must not die," said the old man. "I have brought money. You shall have medicines, delicacies, everything; and, as soon as you are strong enough, I will take you home."

The sick man shook his head. He did not want medicine nor tempting morsels. He felt that he was past help.

The father's heart sank, and he turned away to hide his tears.

Presently he opened his traveling-sack, and took out a loaf of bread. Breaking off a piece, he gently placed a crumb in his son's mouth.

After a moment, the sick man swallowed it, and soon he opened his eyes and whispered,

"More."

"Your mother made that," said the father.

"I know it," the sick man replied, "it is so good."

The father laid the little loaf on the bed, and the poor soldier took it up in his hands and began to eat, with tears rolling down his face. From that hour he grew better, and in a few weeks was restored to health.

Just as eating the bread his mother made restored the sick man to life, so eating the bread of God by faith brings life to the soul.

Faith is not feeling something in you telling you that you are saved; it is believing something outside of you; it is resting on God's sure, eternal Word, which

shall never pass away. To believe in Christ prepares the way to enjoy Him.

A minister sat beside a wealthy man who had lost all interest in business in his intense longing to learn the way of salvation. But in vain the man of God sought to bring him out into the sunlight.

He was about to go away in despair, when the rich man's little daughter came into the room, and, throwing her arms about her father's neck, said,

"Papa, my teacher says I must have a slate to-morrow; may I have a slate?"

"Certainly, my darling."

The little child kissed him and thanked him, and went away singing.

Then the minister said, "The same faith in God which your little child has in you would bring you the gift of salvation."

A radiant light broke over the rich man's face. "O I see!" he exclaimed. "I never knew it was so simple."

Bread is the gift of God to men, and so is Jesus.

A little girl and her mother were thinking about the things they had to thank God for. The little one thought her mother made the bread, and God did not give her that, so she said,

"You give me bread, mother."

"But," said her mother, "the flour we got from the shop, and the shopkeeper bought it from the miller, and the miller took the wheat from the farmer, and

the farmer had it from the ground, and the ground grew it all itself."

"No," cried Helen. "God grew it. The sun and the rain, the wind and the air, are His, and He sent them to the wheat-field. The earth is His, too. And so God is at the bottom of everything, isn't He, mother?"

"Yes," said mother; "God is the origin of every good and perfect gift which we enjoy."

The little girl looked serious. She sat a little while, thinking.

Then she said, "Mamma, I can't make a prayer long enough to thank God for everything."

Helen was right; but it is hard for some people to understand how Jesus is God's gift to the world.

A gentleman, walking along a railroad track, looked down upon a poorly-built cottage, where the daylight showed through the tiles on the roof.

Going down to the front of the cheerless cottage, he saw that a mother and daughter lived there, and thought he would make them more comfortable before the winter, and hurried away.

But he entirely forgot them, until one snowy morning, weeks afterward, as he was about to pass the same way. His heart smote him, and he bought a pair of warm blankets, and thought he would have the pleasure of taking them himself. As he passed the window, the old woman was looking out, and he held up the parcel,

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thinking she would understand that he was bringing her something.

But she only frowned angrily, and shook her head.

He opened the door, but she said, "Be gone, I do not want to buy any goods," and slammed the door.

He said, "She thinks I want to sell them! No wonder she is vexed, needing them so badly. I must make her understand that it is a gift."

He opened the door again. More fiercely she bade him be gone.

He saw that she was deaf, and her daughter not at home. "I will show her what it is," he thought, "maybe she will understand then," and he untied the parcel.

But the sight of the warm blankets only made her more conscious of her poverty, and she turned away indignantly, and said: "Why don't you go? I have told you I do not want them."

What could he do? He took one out and held it up, and smiled and nodded his head, but the action seemed like the act of some resolute peddler, and she said, "Why don't you go away when I tell you?"

Then he took the blanket and threw it around her, and burst into a hearty laugh.

At last it flashed upon her. Looking up, almost afraid, she asked,

"For me?"

He nodded, and smiled.

"A gift?" she said.

Again he nodded.

"A gift *for me?*" she repeated.

She stroked it, and felt the warmth of it, then laughed, and cried, and grasped his hands, and thanked him, while the tears ran down her wrinkled cheeks.

Jesus is God's gift to men. Here is another true story that will help us to understand this:

An evangelist had been preaching among the poor in the most dangerous district in London. As he started toward home, feeling his mission a failure, an old woman said,

"I want to speak to you."

"What is it?"

"I am seventy-three, but I can earn my living by needle-work as well as ever I could."

"Why do you tell me this?"

"I want you to know, I did n't come here to beg."

"What do you want from me?"

"I am seventy-three," she repeated, "I can't live much longer, I have n't got this gift of God you told about, and I make bold to ask you to tell me more. Remember, I am an old woman of seventy-three; make it as plain as you can."

The evangelist saw that the woman was famished for want of food, and, taking a shilling from his pocket, said, "Mother, have you had any tea?"

"I did n't come here to beg," she replied.

"No one said you did, but answer my question."

"No, I ain't," she said, shortly.

"Mother, have you any supper at home?"

"I did n't come here to beg," she again repeated.

"Mother, have you any supper at home?"

"No, I ain't," angrily.

"Well, here is a shilling; it will buy you bread, sugar, tea, milk, butter, wood, and a candle. It will give you food, light, and warmth."

But she only repeated, "I did n't come here to beg."

"You have not been accused of begging; but take the money. It has been given me for any who need it. You are cold and hungry, your need is sore; take it."

Still she said, "I did n't come here to beg, I only want you to tell me the way to heaven."

"That shall surely come after, but you must take the money first."

Slowly, reluctantly, she stretched out her thin, bony hand, until her fingers closed over the coin.

"Now, mother," he said, "you want the gift of God, which is eternal life. And just as the wants of your body are all met in the shilling, so God has met the wants of your soul in the gift of Jesus Christ, His Son. In Him, God has provided all we need for time and eternity. But we must take Jesus as God's free, undeserved gift. This we are unwilling to do. We want to earn Him, we want to deserve Jesus and heaven, but we never can. Just as you were so unwilling to accept

the shilling, so thousands are unwilling to receive Jesus on the only terms that they can receive Him."

"I thought I had to earn heaven," she said; "must I not repent?"

"That will come by faith in Jesus, just as food and warmth and light were all in the shilling. Only believe in Jesus."

"Is that all?"

"That is all. Repentance, joy, peace, heaven, are all in Jesus Christ."

"Then I am a saved woman!" she cried, clapping her drawn, withered hands together, with the shilling between them, "for I bow to Jesus now."

A few more words of counsel, another prayer, and the evangelist looked for the last time into the aged face, and saw hope, peace, and forgiveness resting there.

Going on his dark, dangerous way, it seemed bright with a light from heaven.

Chapter IX.

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

SOME time after the feeding of the five thousand, Jesus went out, and His disciples, into the towns of Cæsarea Philippi. And it came to pass, when Jesus came into the coasts of Cæsarea Philippi, as He was alone by the way, praying, His disciples were with Him; and He asked them, saying unto them,

“Whom do men say that I, the Son of man, am?”

And they answered, and said, “Some say that Thou art John the Baptist: but some say Elijah: and others say Jeremiah, or that one of the old prophets is risen again.”

And He saith unto them, “But whom say ye that I am?”

And Simon Peter answered, and said unto him:

“Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God.”

And Jesus answered, and said unto him:

“Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-jona, for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven. And I say also unto thee, that thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven;



THE TRANSFIGURATION.

(RAPHAEL.)



and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven."

Then straitly charged He His disciples, and commanded them that they should tell no man that He was Jesus the Christ.

And from that time forth began Jesus to show unto His disciples and to teach them, saying, how that He, the Son of man, must go unto Jerusalem, and suffer many things, and be rejected of the elders, and of the chief priests and scribes, and be killed, and be raised again the third day: and He spake that saying openly.

Then Peter took Him, and began to rebuke Him, saying, "Be it far from Thee, Lord: this shall not be unto Thee."

But when He had turned about and looked upon His disciples, He rebuked Peter, saying unto him,

"Get thee behind me, Satan: thou art an offense unto me: for thou savorest not the things that be of God, but the things that be of men."

And when He had called the people unto Him, with His disciples also, He said unto them all:

"Whosoever will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow Me. For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever will lose his life for My sake, and the gospel's, the same shall save it. For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? or lose him-

self and be cast away? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul? For the Son of man shall come in the glory of His Father with His angels; and then He shall reward every man according to his works. Whosoever, therefore, shall be ashamed of Me and My words in this sinful generation, of him also shall the Son of man be ashamed, when He shall come in His own glory, and in the glory of His Father with the holy angels."

And He said unto them, "Verily, I say unto you, That there shall be some of them that stand here, which shall not taste of death till they have seen the kingdom of God come with power, and see the Son of man coming in His kingdom."

And it came to pass about eight days after these sayings, Jesus took with Him Peter and James and John his brother, and went up into a high mountain apart by themselves to pray.

And as He prayed, He was transfigured before them; and the fashion of His countenance was altered, and His face did shine as the sun, and His raiment became shining, exceeding white and glistening as the light, so as no fuller on earth can white them.

And behold, there appeared unto them in glory, two men, which were Moses and Elijah: who, talking with Him, spake of His decease which he should accomplish at Jerusalem. But Peter and they that were with him

were heavy with sleep; and when they were awake, they saw His glory, and the two men that stood with Him.

And it came to pass, as they departed from Him, Peter answered, and said unto Jesus,

“Lord, it is good for us to be here: and if Thou wilt, let us make here three tabernacles: one for thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elijah,” not knowing what he said: for he wist not what to say, for they were sore afraid.

While he thus spake, behold, there came a bright cloud, and overshadowed them: and they feared as they entered into the cloud. And behold, there came a voice out of the cloud, saying,

“This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye Him.”

And when the disciples heard it, they fell on their face, and were sore afraid.

And Jesus came and touched them, and said, “Arise, and be not afraid.”

And suddenly, when the voice was passed, and they lifted up their eyes, and looked about, they saw no man any more, save Jesus only with themselves. And as they came down from the mountain, Jesus charged them, saying,

“Tell the vision to no man, nor what things ye have seen, until the Son of man be risen again from the dead.”

And they kept that saying with themselves, questioning one another what the rising from the dead should mean.

And His disciples asked Him, saying, "Why, then, say the scribes that Elijah must first come?"

And Jesus answered, and said unto them:

"Elijah verily cometh first, and restoreth all things; and it is written of the Son of man, that He must suffer many things, and be set at nought. But I say unto you, That Elijah is indeed come already, and they knew him not, but have done unto him whatsoever they listed, as it is written of him. Likewise shall also the Son of man suffer of them."

Then the disciples understood that He spake unto them of John the Baptist. And they kept it close, and told no man in those days any of those things which they had seen.

This wonderful story of the transfiguration of Jesus has some beautiful lessons.

It was while Jesus prayed that the glory came.

When Moses came down from Mount Sinai, where he had been forty days with God, his face shone so that the people could not look upon it.

While Daniel prayed, the angel Gabriel touched him, and comforted him with the words, "I am come to give thee skill and understanding, for thou art greatly beloved."

When Stephen, the first Christian martyr, "looked up," he "saw the glory of the Lord."

Prayer in the Spirit always brings joy, or peace, or rest, or comfort, or strength, or glory. No prayer ever ascended to God that did not come back answered.

We may ask and receive not, because we ask amiss, that we may spend it upon our pleasures; but that is not prayer.

The Bible tells us the prayer of the upright is God's delight, and He heareth the prayer of the righteous.

Our Heavenly Father would have us talk with Him continually about everything we do and all that interests us; about the things we can not understand and the secret thoughts that trouble us; the need we can not meet; the injury we find it hard to forgive; the books we would read; the friends we would like to have; the money we would spend; and the work we would do for Him.

One of the names of Jesus is the Counselor. Counsel with Him the last moment before you sleep and the first moment as you wake. All the day in the spare spaces lift up your thought to Him.

The instant any care or trial comes, whisper to Him, "Take it, dear Lord, and carry it, for I can not."

As He sends pleasure or comfort, look up to Him and thank Him as you would a friend who had granted you a favor.

One day as I was coming home from a meeting, a procession was passing, and the children were in the windows and on the street and up on the fences. As I came on toward home, I noticed a little girl perched on a big gatepost.

As I came near her, she accidentally dropped her handkerchief right at my feet.

As I stooped and picked it up and handed it to her, she said, so sweetly, "Thank you, ma'am."

As I went on I kept thinking of the gentle little face, and over and over there came to me the words so sweetly spoken, "Thank you, ma'am."

And as I saw how pleased I was with the little stranger's thanks, I thought, "That is the way with our Heavenly Father; He loves to have us thank Him for all He does for us."

So now, when I lose anything, and ask Him to let me find it, and immediately He shows me where it is, I look up and say, "Thank you, Father."

And when he grants me any favor, I like to say, "Thank you, Lord."

This is a little what Paul meant when he said, "Pray without ceasing."

And the more we pray, the more we love to pray.

A dear Christian boy was asked by his pastor,

"Jimmie, do you never get tired praying?"

"No, sir, I think not," the boy modestly replied.

"But," said the minister, wishing to try him, "perhaps you do n't pray enough to make yourself tired."

"Ah! sir," replied Jimmie, earnestly, "the less I pray the more tired I become."

The second lesson we learn from the transfiguration of Jesus is, that we are not to be afraid.

When God's voice came from the cloud telling the disciples to hear Jesus, they were afraid. But Jesus came and touched them, and said,

"Be not afraid."

Jesus means those three little words for us. We should fear nothing but to do evil. We should never be afraid of God or what He sends. He takes care of His own, and nothing shall harm them.

Papa and mamma and Sam had been sitting out on the grass, enjoying the cool breezes. At last papa said,

"Time to go to bed, my little man."

"Are you going with me, papa?" asked Sam.

"You are n't afraid, are you?"

"Course I ain't 'fraid," said Sam in surprise, "only it's kind o' lonesome up there."

"You can open the shutters," said papa, "and I will call good-night to you."

So Sam went upstairs. Soon he called:

"Papa, you would n't be afraid for me to sleep outdoors, would you? God would take care of me, would n't he, papa?"

"Why, of course."

"Well, then, said the little boy, triumphantly, "I want to sleep out in the hammock to-night; there would n't be anybody out there but God and me."

He put on his gown, said his prayers, and came down hugging a pillow. Mamma wrapped him in a big shawl, and soon he was fast asleep. After watching him a long time, papa and mamma went upstairs.

In the night some dogs went through the yard, growling and fighting, but there was no sound from the hammock.

"Did you hear the dogs, Sammy?" asked mamma in the morning.

"Yes, I heard 'em," answered the little man of faith, "but 'course I knew God was n't 'fraid of dogs."

God and His angels are always near us; so we need never be afraid.

But the great lesson of the transfiguration is that Jesus is coming again some day, and those who love Him are going to be like Him.

A beautiful, white, marble statue of a Greek slave girl stood in a market-place.

A ragged, forlorn child passed that way, and stood looking up at the figure in rapt admiration.

Going home, she washed her hands and combed her untidy hair.

Again she stood by the statue, and returning, washed and mended her soiled, torn garments.

Each time she looked at the form that held such a strange attraction it suggested some change in her life, until she grew to be pure and good.

We become like those we live with and look at and love.

A wild, wicked sailor boy went to see the beautiful painting, "Christ before Pilate."

He did not really want to go, but went to please his mother, so he acted as badly as possible; threw his money in at the ticket-window, and went in to look at the picture with his hat on.

He sat down, and looked up at the face of Jesus, so pure and patient; and as he looked, he took off his hat.

Soon he moved nearer, and at last tears came into his eyes, and he bowed his head and prayed to the Heavenly Father to forgive all his sins and make him His child.

Then he went home and told his mother he loved the Savior and was going to serve Him.

How beautiful to think that even gazing at a picture of Jesus could change a wicked sailor lad and make him believe on Him and love Him!

Do you not love Him? Do you not wish to be like Him? Then learn this little prayer, and say it every night:

"God, make my life a little light,
Within the world to glow;
A little flame that burneth bright,
Wherever I may go.

God, make my life a little song,
That comforteth the sad ;
That helpeth others to be strong,
And makes the singer glad.

God, make my life a little staff,
Whereon the weak may rest ;
That so what health and strength I have
May serve my neighbor best.

God, make my life a little hymn
Of tenderness and praise—
Of faith that never waxeth dim
In all his wondrous ways.”



PARABLE OF THE PRODIGAL SON.

(DUBUFE.)

Chapter X.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

GOD'S love is the heart of the gospel. Many of the sweet, little stories Jesus told to the people were to reveal the love of the Father for a lost world. Perhaps the sweetest of them all was this story of the prodigal son.

A rich father had two boys, whom he loved dearly, and gave them all their heart could wish. One day, after the younger was of age, he said to his father,

"Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me."

He wanted his own willful way instead of being willing to walk in his father's way. And the father knew the boy needed to learn some lessons, so he gave the young man his part of his estate.

Not long after, the young fellow took all his money, and ran away without even saying good-bye.

He took a long journey into a far country, and there he wasted his money in wild, wanton, wicked pleasures, until it was all gone.

And when he had spent it all, a mighty famine arose in the land, and he was hungry, and it was hard to get work.

At last he found a farmer who would let him go out into the fields, and take care of his pigs, the lowest, meanest occupation for this young man; for he was a Jew, and God had forbidden the Jews to keep swine or eat pork.

All the lad had to eat were the long, slender pods of the carob-tree, with which he fed the pigs. These did not satisfy him, and he begged for food, and no man gave unto him; for no one loved him or cared for him. He was utterly lonely. He had not one friend. All those who had shared his wealth and his sin had left him, now he was poor.

He who had been his father's favored son became the servant of a swineherd, and a beggar. So low down sin brings us. He who will not be a son to the Heavenly Father will come to be a slave of the devil. If men will go away from God, they must suffer from the hands of Satan.

In this sad state the young man came to himself. He began to think. His memory went back to the dear old home and the kind father and the school friends and the many comforts of the place he had left. Then he said to himself,

"How many of the hired servants of my father have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger!"

He saw what a foolish boy he had been; he saw that to stay was to slowly starve. Perhaps his father

would forgive him and take him back, and let him be a servant, and work for him. So he said to himself,

"I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, 'Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son; make me as one of thy hired servants.'"

So he turned his back on all his sin, shame, and sorrow, and his face toward his father's house.

His father had been longing for him and looking for him.

Love is far-sighted; so when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him. And the boy said unto him, "Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son."

But the father stopped him, perhaps with kisses again. He would not let his boy go on and ask to take the servant's place. He forgave him freely and fully.

One day, when I was a young girl, I sold some of my old school-books to get missionary money. I was not sure my parents would like it, so I hid it from them. But one night in a meeting I was very unhappy. My heart was not light. I knew I had not done right. I went to the altar, but it did no good. I kept thinking of the books I had sold without giving the money to my parents. I asked God to forgive me and give me

peace, and promised Him to tell my parents when I went home.

God forgave me, and gave me his peace; and when I went to my father and said, "Papa, I have come to tell you a wrong thing that I have done," he drew my little face down to his, kissed me and said,

"My child, I do not want you to tell me; I forgive you without the telling."

And I lay down to sleep so happy. I know a little how the prodigal felt when his father kissed him and forgave him and stopped him right in the middle of his story, and would not let him say to "make me one of thy hired servants," but turned to his servants, and said,

"Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him, and put a ring on his hand and shoes on his feet, and bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it; and let us eat and be merry; for this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found."

So the servants brought all these marks of the father's favor, and put them on the son, and they had a feast together, the father and the newly-found son.

This parable is to teach us how God loves the sinner, and seeks the lost ones.

In an English town, a band of young men, dressed in funny costumes, and with hands and faces blackened, stood at Mr. Carr's door. After they had sung

comic songs, with strange gestures and grimaces, a young man stepped to the door, tambourine in hand, to ask for pennies. Mr. Carr, taking a Bible out of the shop-window, said,

"See here, young man; I will give you a shilling and this book if you will read a portion to your comrades."

"Here's a shilling for an easy job!" he called to his mates; "I'm going to give you a public reading."

Mr. Carr opened to the first verse of our lesson, and told the young man to read it.

"Now, Jim, speak up," said one, "and earn your shilling like a man."

Jim read: "And He said, A certain man had two sons: and the younger of them said to his father, Father give me the portion of goods that falleth to me. And he divided unto them his living."

There was something in the voice of the reader and the strangeness of the circumstances that lulled all to silence, while an air of seriousness took possession of the youth.

He read on: "And not many days after, the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living."

"That's you, Jim," cried one. "It's just what you told me of yourself and your father."

He read on: "And when he had spent all, there

arose a mighty famine in that land, and he began to be in want."

"Why, that's you again, Jim!" said the voice. "Go on!"

"And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country; and he sent him into his fields to feed swine. And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat; and no man gave unto him."

"That's like us all! We're all beggars. Go on! Let us hear what came of it."

The young man read on, and his voice trembled: "And when he came to himself, he said, How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger! I will arise and go to my father."

At this point he broke down, and could read no more. All were moved. In the story of the gospel a ray of hope dawned. His father's house, and the love bestowed on him there, the hired servants all having enough, and then himself, his father's son, his present state, companions, intemperate habits, sins, poverty, outcast condition—all came climbing into the citadel of his mind, and overcame him. That day proved the turning-point in his life. The long-lost, yet dearly-loved, son returned to his home and to his Heavenly Father.

Dear little one, if you are trying to come to Christ,

and the way seems dark and the path steep and difficult, take courage. He is looking for you too; and if you only persevere, you are sure to meet Him in the way, and to hear His gracious voice saying, "Come unto Me."

A rough man driving along a country road in a wagon, called out to a little fellow beside the road, "Hello, little stranger, what is the matter?"

He softened his voice in speaking, for the child in the road was crying.

"I am lost; I can't find my father," sobbed the child.

"Is he a big man with a long white beard?"

"Yes, that's my father."

"It's all right, then, because he is looking for you. Keep right along, and if you don't find him, he'll find you."

The child dried his tears and sprang up into the road again; for if his father was looking for him, of course he could not fail to be in his arms again after a while.

Here is another true story of a lad whose father found him. He was a soldier boy in the Civil War of 1860. His name was John Thomas. He was a great, overgrown lad of fourteen, was wild to enter the army; but his parents were not willing to let such a mere lad go into the dangers and temptations of army life. So he ran away, and enlisted in a strange company.

His parents' grief was intense, for they searched for him in vain. The summer came on, and the army in

the South felt the heat. Way down in Louisiana army life lost its glamour, and many homesick boys pined away.

At Morganza's Bend, a division of the Northern army was in camp. There was no fighting during the summer, and a weary life it was. The fare was far from good, and the monotony was unendurable. Occasionally there was fatigue work in the way of unloading boats that came with supplies, heavy work in the intense heat. One day a soldier, helping to carry the boxes up the steep bank, heard a familiar voice say, "O, I wish I was at home!"

A neighbor's son heard John Thomas speak, and knew his voice. The boy was slowly dying. The disease of the climate was on him, and a deadly homesickness. This old friend found out that John Thomas had not yet let his parents know what part of the South he was in. He was too proud to write home.

The boy grew worse. One day as he went to dinner he fell. They lifted him and carried him to the hospital, and the doctors said the lad had only a few hours to live. His cry for home was pitiful.

That afternoon a strange sound was heard. A distant cry came nearer and nearer. The first words the listeners caught were, "Wants you!" Soon other words were heard, till clear the call came, "John Thomas, your father wants you; John Thomas, your father wants you!"

Nearer and nearer came the cry, till it penetrated the hospital. The old man was in the street outside. His voice thrilled every heart, as it called, "John Thomas, your father wants you; John Thomas, your father wants you!" The boy had been unconscious; but suddenly he half rose, his face flushed with joy, and shouted, "Here, father! here, father!" and fainted dead away.

"O, the joy of the meeting when the boy came to himself and looked into his father's face!

The boy lived long enough for his father to talk with him, to bring the mother's forgiveness with his own, and point the lad to the merciful Father above.

John's father had gone up and down our armies, through regiments and companies and divisions, till he found his boy. His love and persistence is a beautiful type of the great Father seeking the lost.

Chapter XI.

THE RAISING OF LAZARUS.

A CERTAIN man was sick, named Lazarus, of Bethany, the town of Mary and her sister Martha.

It was that Mary which anointed the Lord with ointment and wiped his feet with her hair whose brother Lazarus was sick.

Therefore Lazarus' sisters sent unto Jesus, saying, "Lord, behold, he whom Thou lovest is sick."

When Jesus heard that, he said, "This sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God, that the Son of God might be glorified thereby." Now Jesus loved Martha and her sister and Lazarus. When he heard therefore that he was sick, He abode two days still in the same place where He was.

Jesus' life was in danger in the region of Bethany, for the Pharisees were trying to find Him to put Him to death, and so He had gone away into Peræa. But Mary and Martha knew that no fear of danger would keep Jesus for one moment from their side, so they sent for Him.

They believed that if Jesus would only come to them Lazarus would not die. There their faith stopped. Jesus sent back the comforting promise, "This sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God."



THE RAISING OF LAZARUS.

(SCHEFFER.)



If they had believed as did the nobleman when Jesus said, "Thy son liveth," Lazarus would have lived.

If they had exercised faith, Lazarus would have been healed in the self-same hour as the centurion's servant was when his master believed that Jesus could say a word and his servant would be well.

But they doubted, and Lazarus died. Therefore, that Jesus might develop their faith and glorify God, He did not go directly to them, but staid two days still in the same place where He was.

God permits pain because it perfects us. Christ kept away from Bethany because He loved the sisters. He let them suffer that He might teach them to be strong.

The leaves of the fragrant plant are crushed to get their sweet odor. The ore must pass through the hot furnace before we can get the gold. The marble must be cut with the sharp chisel before it is a thing of beauty. The precious stone is polished on the harsh wheel before we can see its bright colors.

"This leaf, this stone, . . . it is thy heart
It must be crushed by pain and smart,
It must be cleansed by sorrow's art,
Ere it will yield a fragrance sweet;
Ere it will shine a jewel meet,
To lay before the Savior's feet."

Then God permits pain because it draws us to Him. A great man says: "While Lazarus was in health, no messenger went to bring the Savior. When death hov-

ered, they sent for Him with all speed. Pain, like the ocean surge, lifts us and flings us at the feet of the Savior. The moaning waters drive the dove to the ark; the dreary winter sends the swallows South; the sharp pruning knife compels the sap into the ripening branch; the tempest roar makes the timid nursling nestle close to the mother's side. Pain makes us want God.

Then God permits pain because it brings blessings to others. If Lazarus had not died, there would have been no wonderful miracle of resurrection, no record of the wonderful words to the sisters which have been a blessing to so many people all through the years since the day Jesus spoke them.

A little girl was taken ill. She suffered terribly. Her father was an infidel, and it was a great grief to her. She had prayed for him often. During her illness she never complained nor moaned, but was loving and patient. One day her father said:

"Darling, how is it you suffer so, and never murmur?"

"Jesus helps me to bear the pain," the little one said, "and I do not mind. O! how I wish you loved Him!"

The tears gathered in the father's eyes as he answered: "Teach me how, child. There must be a God, for nothing else could have helped my brave little girl to be so patient."

And when Minnie was well and saw her father a

happy Christian, was she not glad for the pain which had been the instrument, under God, of his conversion?

Ah! by and by Jesus will let us see why He sometimes permitted us to suffer, and we shall be happy to have had it so. Let us trust Him.

Jesus knew He was going to waken Lazarus, so He did not hurry when He heard Lazarus had fallen asleep in death. Jesus always knows best. Whenever He keeps us waiting and does not help or answer right away, we should be glad and satisfied to wait.

When Jesus came He found that Lazarus had lain in the grave four days already. Now Bethany was nigh unto Jerusalem, about fifteen furlongs off: and many of the Jews came to Martha and Mary, to comfort them concerning their brother.

Then Martha, as soon as she heard that Jesus was coming, went and met Him; but Mary sat still in the house. Then said Martha unto Jesus:

“Lord, if Thou hadst been here, my brother had not died. But I know that even now whatsoever Thou wilt ask of God, God will give it Thee.”

Jesus saith unto her, “Thy brother shall rise again.”

Martha said unto Him, “I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day.”

Jesus said unto her: “I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die. Believest thou this?”

She saith unto Him, "Yea, Lord: I believe that Thou art the Christ, the Son of God, which should come unto the world."

And when she had so said she went her way, and called Mary, her sister, secretly, saying, "The Master is come, and calleth for thee." As soon as Mary heard that, she arose quickly and came unto Him.

Now Jesus was not yet come into the town, but was in that place where Martha met Him. The Jews which were with her in the house and comforted her, when they saw Mary, that she arose up hastily and went out, followed her, saying,

"She goeth unto the grave to weep there."

Then when Mary was come where Jesus was and saw Him, she fell down at His feet, saying unto Him,

"Lord, if Thou hadst been here my brother had not died."

When Jesus therefore saw her weeping, and the Jews also weeping which came with her, He groaned in the spirit, and was troubled, and said, "Where have ye laid him?"

They said unto Him, "Lord, come and see."

Jesus wept.

Then said the Jews, "Behold, how He loved him!"

And some of them said, "Could not this Man, which opened the eyes of the blind, have caused that even this man should not die?"

Jesus therefore again groaning in Himself cometh to the grave. It was a cave, and a stone lay upon it.

Jesus said, "Take ye away the stone."

Martha, the sister of him who was dead, saith unto Him,

"Lord, by this time he stinketh; for he hath been dead four days."

Jesus saith unto her, "Said I not unto thee, that, if thou wouldest believe, thou shouldest see the glory of God?"

Then they took away the stone from the place where the dead was laid.

And Jesus lifted up His eyes, and said: "Father, I thank Thee that Thou hast heard Me. And I know that Thou hearest Me always; but because of the people which stand by I said it, that they may believe that Thou hast sent Me."

And when He had thus spoken, He cried with a loud voice, "Lazarus, come forth!" And he that was dead came forth, bound hand and foot in grave-clothes; and his face was bound about with a napkin.

Jesus saith unto them, "Loose him, and let him go."

Then many of the Jews which came to Mary and had seen the things which Jesus did, believed on Him.

Death is a mystery. We can not understand how the spirit goes to God, and the body has to be laid away. It seems hard to die. I read a sweet little story

in the Deaconess' Advocate about a poor little slum girl who was helped to die.

Two little twins came to Sister Katherine, the deaconess in the settlement at Chicago, and said:

"Nan, Sister! She's been a-dreamin' all night, an' she's all hot an' shakin,' an' mother says could yer step round fer a minit? She's funny in 'er 'ead; she keeps on a-thinkin' she's the queen, yer know [Nan had been crowned Queen of the May at the settlement only the day before], an' she hollers shockin'!"

As Sister Katherine stooped over the pillows, a faint voice said, "Is I goin' ter die, Sister?"

"Perhaps, Nan dear."

"An' will I be put into the hole in the ground an' be bunged up in a cawffin?"

"Yes, Nan, one part of you will."

"It's that I can't a-bear ter think of—ter be screwed up in no room at all, an' ter screech an' screech an' screech to git out, an' no one ter hear yer. O, I is orful hot, an' it hurts me ter breeve. Will yer gi' mother a bit o' crape, Sister, cos she ain't got none, and the rent's orful this year! I carn't abide ter think o' the cawffin, Sister; I knows I'll warnt ter git out."

Sister Katherine paused for a moment; then taking one hot little hand in hers firmly, she said: "Nan, dear, only part of you goes into the coffin—that part that can't feel any more pain; but the part that is afraid to be

alone, God takes care of so carefully. Do you know what I mean, little one?"

"Yus," said Nan, thoughtfully, with her eyes fixed on Sister Katherine's glowing face.

"God never leaves us alone for a minute; He is always close beside us, though we can not see Him—you know that, Nan dear. When one part goes into the coffin, the other part—and that's the real you, dear—that part He'll take to be with Him."

"Yus," said the child, never taking her eyes from Sister Katherine's face.

"Do you remember, Nan, down in the country, how we used to see how good old mother earth was to the little seeds and flowers? We used to say she took such care of them, did n't we?"

"Yus," said Nan again, drowsily, and her hand grew colder.

Suddenly Nan stirred uneasily, and her lips moved.

"She fancies she is back in the country. Listen, she is saying our evening prayer."

The twins bent their heads as they knelt by the bed, and repeated, led by Nan's clear voice—

"Dear Father, whom I can not see,
Smile down from Heaven on little me"—

right through to the end. As the Amen was said, there fell a great hush on the little room; then Nan's tired

lids, with the long lashes, dropped heavily over the gray eyes, never to open again until Jesus comes in the resurrection morning.

Let me give you another story of a bright little Christian child named Dotty, who put her little hand in her grandpa's, and said, looking earnestly up into his face,

"What's the use of heaven if you have to go into the ground?"

"Well, Sunshine," said the old man, rubbing his hand over his hair. "Ye see, 't aint you that goes inter the ground; it's about the same as w'en yer gran'ma lays by yer winter clo's in the cedar chest come summer w'en yer do n't want 'em, Dotty, ye know."

"O!" said Dotty, joyfully, "it's just like the dandelions. They grow and grow and shine and shine until they're all white with shining, and then they blow away to some place, all except the stem of them, and that is all withered up and is n't any good, and it falls down into the ground, I guess, and maybe it comes up some time all nice and fresh. And that is the way with us. It's the wilted part that God hides away, so it can be made over new, is n't it, gran'pa? And the white part of us blows away to Him."

So it was with Lazarus. The part of him went to heaven as soon as he fell "asleep;" and his poor, sick, tired body went into the grave until Jesus raised it again. When Jesus returns to earth the bodies of those who

believe Him, whether living or in graves, will be made over new in a moment, in as short a time as it takes to twinkle the eye. We should let this thought comfort us when a loved one who believes in Jesus goes to sleep and never wakes up.

At the battle of Inkerman a soldier was just able to crawl to his tent after he was struck down. When they found him, he was lying upon his face, his open Bible before him, his hand glued fast to the page with his life-blood which covered it.

When his hand was lifted, the letters of the printed page were clearly traced upon it, and with the ever-living promise in and on his hand they laid him in his soldier's grave. The words were,

"I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

Yes, all those who sleep in Jesus will rise out of their graves when He comes. Let us live for Him here that we may meet Him there.

Chapter XII.

THE FOOLISH VIRGINS.

OVER in the last book of the Bible we read: "Let us be glad and rejoice, and give honor to Him: for the marriage of the Lamb is come, and His wife hath made herself ready.

"And to her was granted that she should be arrayed in fine linen, clean and white; for the fine linen is the righteousness of saints.

"And He saith unto me, Write, blessed are they which are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb. And He saith unto me, These are the true sayings of God." (Rev. xix, 7-9.)

One day Jesus gave His disciples a parable about this wedding. He said to them,

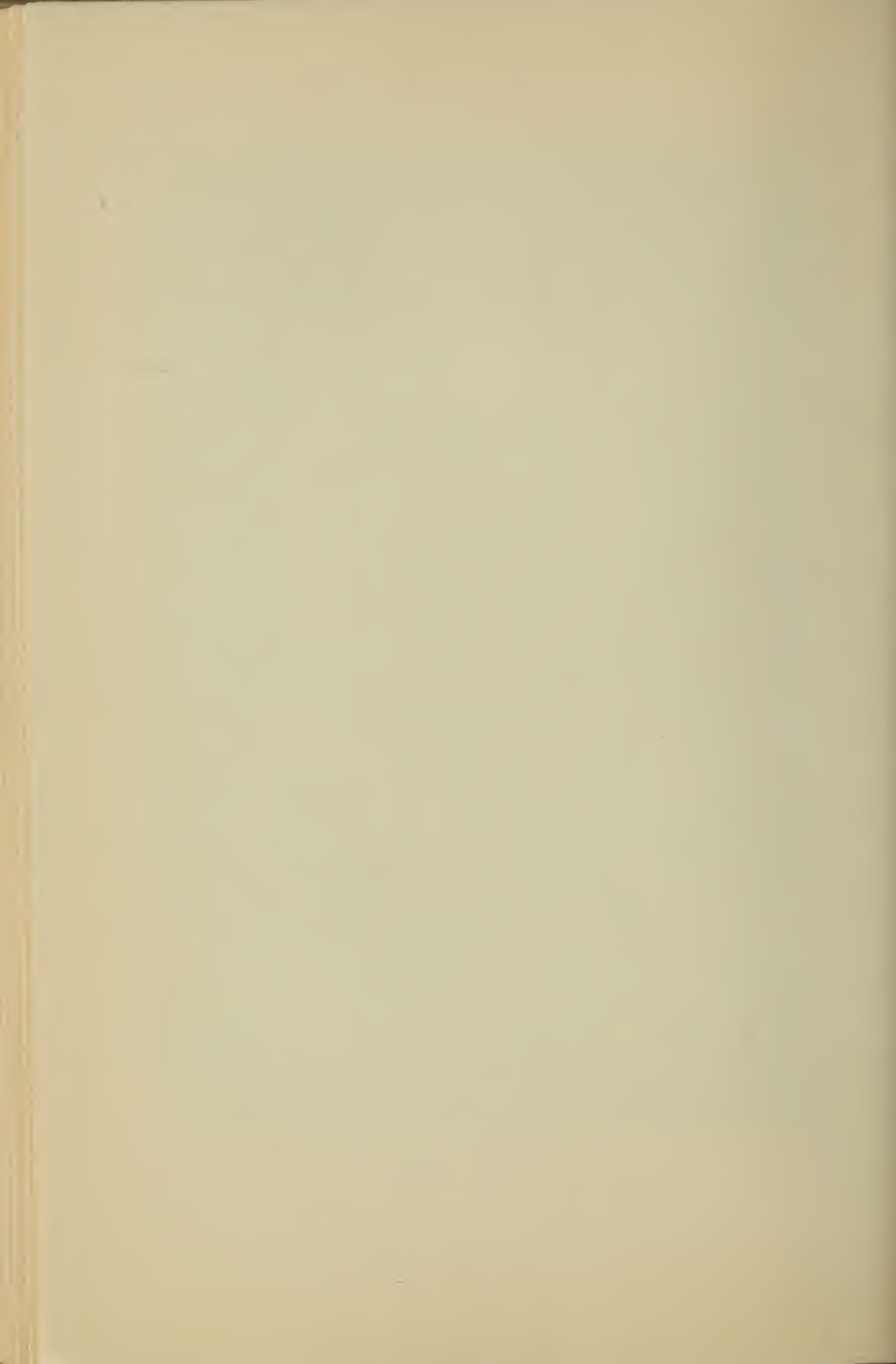
Then shall the kingdom of heaven be likened unto ten virgins, which took their lamps, and went forth to meet the Bridegroom; and five of them were wise, and five were foolish.

They that were foolish took their lamps, and took no oil with them: but the wise took oil in their vessels with their lamps.

While the Bridegroom tarried, they all slumbered and slept.



THE FOOLISH VIRGINS.
(BEDA)



And at midnight there was a cry made, "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet Him."

Then all those virgins arose and trimmed their lamps.

And the foolish said unto the wise, "Give us of your oil; for our lamps are gone out."

But the wise answered, saying, "Not so; lest there be not enough for us and you: but go ye rather to them that sell, and buy for yourselves."

And while they went to buy, the Bridegroom came; and they that were ready went in with Him to the marriage; and the door was shut.

Afterward came also the other virgins, saying,

"Lord, Lord, open to us."

But He answered and said, "Verily, I say unto you, I know you not."

Watch, therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of man cometh.

My sister, Mrs. L. M. Pate, writing one day about this wedding and the virgins, said:

"In the Eastern countries it was the custom when a man had been married to bring his bride home in the nighttime. His friends would go out to meet him, carrying lamps to light the happy pair on their way and give them a bright welcome.

"The foolish virgins were not ready to meet the Bridegroom. There was no time to prepare, the Bridegroom had come. They were left outside the door.

"How many little ones are like the five foolish vir-

gins! How many think there is no hurry about preparing to meet Christ, the Bridegroom! How many say,

“‘There is plenty of time to be a true, watching, zealous Christian when I am older.’

“Ah! my child, you do not know that you will ever be a day older. While you are asleep to-night the Bridegroom may come, and the lamp be found empty, and the door be shut.

“Louise was a good girl, kind, gentle, and loving. Her mother left her in charge of the house one day, giving her special directions to go downstairs in half an hour and shut the damper to the stove.

“‘Yes, mamma,’ she said, very willingly.

“The mother went. The half hour passed. Louise was having a delightful time playing dolls, dressing them to play go out, and she said,

“‘I’ll just finish putting on the cloak and hat, and then I’ll go; it will only take a minute.’

“How long those minutes are, sometimes! You know, girls, one can’t always arrange dolly’s hat and cloak to suit them in a short, real minute.

“Louise fussed till roused by the strike of the clock again.

“‘O, dear, I must go,’ she said, and ran down in a great hurry, to meet a cloud of smoke at the basement stairs. What could be the matter! Matter? why, the stove had been left till it was so hot that it had caught the wood near it, and the kitchen was burning.

"Ah! do you not think poor Louise regretted this trouble brought on by her putting off?

"Of course she did. She did n't mean to have all that trouble come. The foolish virgins did n't mean not to be ready when the Bridegroom came.

"The foolish virgins did n't mean to be shut out. So many of the boys and girls do not mean to be shut out of the kingdom of heaven; no indeed, they mean to be the most earnest and true Christians; they mean to be good, but they think 'there's no great hurry about it.'

"Yes there is; if there is one thing on earth that there is hurry about, it is coming to Christ, for you may only have one minute to do it in. He only gives us one short minute at a time. If you do not get ready now for His coming, if you sleep and are indifferent, your lamp will be empty, the door will be shut. You will be on the outside."

Look at the picture and see the poor, foolish virgins shut out from the wedding supper. One is knocking in agony at the gate; another, in despair, is looking down at her lamp; another, in a frenzy of grief, has thrown herself down on the steps; another sits wringing her hands; and one has not yet awakened to know the awful loss that is hers because she did not have her lamp trimmed and burning.

Lamps in the Bible stand for people, and the oil is the Holy Spirit; so those who are not filled with the

Holy Spirit in spirit, soul, and body will not go in to the wedding when Jesus comes.

A minister who had never taught his people about the Lord's coming, nor given them an invitation to the wedding supper, read one night at prayers the fourth chapter of first Thessalonians.

He sat down in the easy-chair, and began to think of what he had been reading—the Lord's coming. He fell asleep and dreamed. This is his dream:

I thought I wakened in the morning, and was surprised to find that my wife was not beside me. Supposing she had stepped into another room, I waited; but, after a long time, as she did not come, I rose and dressed. Her clothing was where she had placed it on the chair, and I felt that she was about the house. I went to daughter Julia's room, but after knocking several times without response, I entered, and found that she also was missing.

"Strange, passing strange," said I; "where can they both be?"

Then I went to our son Frank. He said he had passed a restless night. I told him of the absence of his mother and sister, and asked him to see if he could not find them. Soon he came back, and said the missing ones were not to be found, and that every door was locked as on the evening before.

What to make of this strange thing we did not know. On again visiting Julia's room, we found her well-

marked, open Bible. One verse particularly attracted my attention,

“Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh.”

This passage, my wife had always declared, referred to the coming of Christ, while I said it meant only preparation for death.

Frank and I concluded that we should each take a different route, and visit some of our intimate friends in quest of our dear ones.

I called on my wife's sister, Mrs. E——. She and her husband were good people, members of a Christian Church, though worldly-minded.

After I had rung the bell several times she appeared and apologized, saying that she had to prepare breakfast, for the colored servant, whom she had considered a Christian, had played her a mean trick. She had gone off somewhere, without even putting the kettle on the range or saying a word.

“But what puzzles us is how she got out of the house, for the doors are all locked and the keys inside, just as we left them last evening on our return from the progressive euchre party.”

“Indeed,” said I, “it is exceedingly strange,” and I explained the object of my morning visit.

When she heard of the mysterious absence of my wife and Julia, she became so nervous I was glad to

change the subject by saying that, as I had not yet breakfasted, I would join them.

Her husband heard my story with a good deal of levity, and declared that my wife was playing me a practical joke.

He was sure the missing ones had secreted themselves about the house, and, when I returned, I would find them all right.

At the table, Mrs. E—— said we would have to take coffee without milk, as her milkman had failed to make his appearance.

Presently the bell rang, and Frank entered in great excitement, saying he had been all over inquiring for his mother, and that in every house he found trouble similar to our own.

Almost every one was searching for missing ones. The streets were thronged with excited people hurrying to and fro, many of them weeping bitterly.

As the morning advanced, it was suggested that we go to our business places. Frank had already gone, and I, with a heavy heart, wended my way along the avenue among an unusual throng of men and women whose faces wore a look of intense sorrow. Many stores were closed, and those that were open did not appear to be doing any business. When I reached my own store, I found that my bookkeeper and the faithful old porter, who had served me so many years, had not been there.

My other two clerks were on hand, doing nothing, nor did I feel like asking them to do anything.

I went to the Chamber of Commerce, and found the largest gathering of merchants that I had seen in months. Instead of the lively, noisy bustle, a solemn gloom pervaded the assembly. They all agreed that the visitation was a strange one, and that in some way we who were left were to blame.

In the evening nearly every church in the city was open, with overflowing congregations. Everybody was anxious to know the cause and meaning of the "great visitation." Many of the pastors had gone, but some were present in their churches.

In my own church the pastor was present, with scores of persons whom I had but rarely seen at meetings. Audible groans and deep-drawn sighs were heard from various parts of the room. Some were moaning the loss of children, others of husbands, of wives, of fathers and mothers. The pastor was speaking when I entered, entreating the audience to allay their feelings. He said:

"None of you can realize the keen disappointment I experience at this result of my labors. I am accused of having preached too much about the affairs of this life, and too little about the things to come, and of having kept you in ignorance of the imminence of this awful visitation. I can only say that I have taught you the same theology that was taught in the college: to

treat the Bible as a Book of spiritual symbols and allegories. But I confess that I was sadly mistaken, for, after what has occurred, I can not help believing that God's Word means just what it says."

Here the electric light suddenly went out, and there arose such fearful screams that I sprang to my feet in terror—and awoke.

My wife came from the adjoining room to see what was the matter.

O, how glad I was to see her, and to realize that the terrible experience was only a dream! But the more I thought of it, the more solemn seemed the Scripture truths which it contained, and the more was I impressed with the importance of being ready for the coming of the Lord.

Little ones, are you ready for Jesus? Have you the oil in your lamps? Have you the love of Jesus in your heart? Do you trust Him for everything?

Little Alice looked up into her mother's face, and said,

"Mamma, what can I do for Jesus?"

"You can love Him," her mother said.

"I do that. I love Him, and that's what makes me ask."

"How do you know you love Him?" asked her mother.

"Because I feel a cry in my eyes when I think of Him, like as I do for my papa off in India."

The child loved her father, and when they talked about him her eyes would grow moist, and she would lay her head upon her mother's bosom and go to sleep.

If we are "ready" there is a cry in our eyes when the name of our Lord is mentioned. We love His will, His Word, His work, Himself, better than all else. We "love His appearing" and long for His presence, and pray often, "Come, Lord Jesus."

"It may be at morn when the day is awakening,
When sunlight through darkness and shadow is breaking,
That Jesus will come in the fullness of glory,
To receive from the world 'His own.'

It may be at midday, it may be at twilight.
It may be, perchance, that the blackness of midnight
Will burst into light in the blaze of His glory,
When Jesus receives 'His own.'

While its hosts cry Hosanna, from heaven descending
With glorified saints and the angels attending,
With grace on His brow like a halo of glory,
Will Jesus receive 'His own.'

O joy ! O delight ! should we go without dying :
No sickness, no sadness, no dread and no crying !
Caught up through the clouds, with our Lord, into glory,
When Jesus receives 'His own.' "

Chapter XIII.

THE BETRAYAL OF JUDAS.

SOON after Jesus had finished the parable of the foolish virgins, He said unto His disciples,

“Ye know that after two days is the Feast of the Passover, and the Son of man is betrayed to be crucified.”

Then assembled together the chief priests, and the scribes, and the elders of the people, unto the palace of the high priest, who was called Caiaphas, and consulted that they might take Jesus by subtilty and kill Him. But they said,

“Not on the feast day, lest there be an uproar among the people.” For they feared the people.

Now when Jesus was in Bethany, in the house of Simon the leper, they made Him a supper, and Martha served: but Lazarus was one of them that sat at the table with Him.

Then there came unto Him Mary, having an alabaster box of very precious ointment of spikenard, of a pound weight, and she brake the box, and poured it on His head and anointed His feet, as He sat at meat, and wiped His feet with her hair.

And the house was filled with the odor of the ointment.

But when His disciples saw it, there were some that

had indignation within themselves. Then saith one of His disciples, Judas Iscariot, Simon's son, which should betray Him :

"Why was this waste of the ointment made? To what purpose is this waste? for this ointment might have been sold for more than three hundred pence, and have been given to the poor."

This he said, not that he cared for the poor, but because he was a thief, and had the bag, and bare what was put therein.

And they murmured against her. When Jesus understood it, He said unto them,

"Let her alone; why trouble ye the woman? For she hath wrought a good work upon Me. For ye have the poor always with you, and whensoever ye will ye may do them good; but Me ye have not always. For in that she hath poured this ointment on My body, she did it for My burial. She hath done what she could: she is come aforehand to anoint My body to the burying; and against the day of my burying hath she kept this. Verily, I say unto you, Wheresoever this gospel shall be preached throughout the whole world, there shall also this, that this woman hath done, be told for a memorial of her."

Then entered Satan into Judas Iscariot, and he went his way unto the chief priests and captains to betray Him unto them, and said unto them,

"What will ye give me, and I will betray Him unto you?"

And when they heard it they were glad, and they covenanted with him to give him thirty pieces of silver, and he communed with them how he might betray Him unto them.

And he promised; and from that time sought opportunity to betray Him unto them, conveniently, in the absence of the multitude.

Then came the first day of the feast of unleavened bread, when the passover must be killed: and the disciples came to Jesus. And He sent two of His disciples, Peter and John, saying,

“Go and prepare us the passover, that we may eat.”

And they said unto Him, “Where wilt Thou that we go and prepare for Thee to eat the passover?”

And He said unto them: “Go ye into the city, and, behold, when ye are entered into the city, there shall a man meet you, bearing a pitcher of water; follow him into the house where he entereth in. And ye shall say unto the good man of the house:

“The Master saith unto thee, My time is at hand; I will keep the passover at thy house. Where is the guest chamber where I shall eat the passover with My disciples?” And he shall show you a large upper room, furnished and prepared: there make ready for us.”

And they did as Jesus had appointed them, and went forth, and came into the city, and found as He had said unto them: and they made ready the passover. And

in the evening when the hour was come, He came and sat down and the twelve apostles with Him. And He said unto them,

“With desire I have desired to eat this passover with you before I suffer: for I say unto you, I will not any more eat thereof, until it be fulfilled in the kingdom of God.”

And He took the cup, and gave thanks, and said,

“Take this, and divide it among yourselves: for I say unto you, I will not drink of the fruit of the vine, until the kingdom of God shall come.”

And there was also a strife among them, which of them should be accounted the greatest. And He said unto them:

“The kings of the Gentiles exercise lordship over them; and they that exercise authority upon them are called benefactors. But ye shall not be so: but he that is greatest among you, let him be as the younger; and he that is chief, as he that doth serve. For whether is greater, he that sitteth at meat, or he that serveth. Ye are they which have continued with Me in My temptations. And I appoint unto you a kingdom, as My Father hath appointed unto Me: that ye may eat and drink at My table in My kingdom, and sit on thrones judging the twelve tribes of Israel.”

Now before the Feast of the Passover, when Jesus knew that His hour was come that He should depart

out of this world unto the Father, having loved His own which were in the world, He loved them unto the end.

And at the supper, the devil having now put into the heart of Judas Iscariot, Simon's son, to betray Him; Jesus knowing that the Father had given all things into His hands, and that He was come from God, and went to God; He rose from supper, and laid aside His garments; and took a towel, and girded Himself.

After that He poured water into a basin, and began to wash the disciples' feet, and to wipe them with the towel wherewith He was girded. Then cometh He to Simon Peter: and Peter said unto Him,

"Lord, dost Thou wash my feet?"

Jesus answered, and said unto him, "What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter."

Peter saith unto Him, "Thou shalt never wash my feet."

Jesus answered him, "If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with Me."

Simon Peter saith unto Him, "Lord, not my feet only, but also my hands and my head."

Jesus saith unto him, "He that is washed needeth not save to wash his feet, but is clean every whit; and ye are clean, but not all."

For He knew who should betray Him; therefore said He,

"Ye are not all clean."

So after He had washed their feet, and had taken

His garments, and was sat down again, He said unto them :

“Know ye what I have done to you? Ye call Me ‘Master’ and ‘Lord:’ and ye say well; for so I am. If I then, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet; ye also ought to wash one another’s feet. For I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you. Verily, verily, I say unto you, the servant is not greater than his lord; neither he that is sent greater than He that sent Him. If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them. I speak not of you all: I know whom I have chosen: but that the Scripture may be fulfilled,

“‘He that eateth bread with Me hath lifted up his heel against Me.’

“Now I tell you before it come, that, when it is come to pass, ye may believe that I am He. Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that receiveth whomsoever I send receiveth Me; and he that receiveth Me receiveth Him that sent Me.”

When Jesus had thus said, as they sat and did eat, He was troubled in spirit, and testified, and said, “Verily, verily, I say unto you, that one of you which eateth with Me, shall betray Me. Behold, the hand of Him that betrayeth Me is with Me on the table.”

Then the disciples looked one on another, doubting of whom He spake. And they began to be exceeding sorrowful, and to inquire among themselves which of

them it was who should do this thing; and to say unto Him every one of them, one by one,

“Lord, is it I?”

And another said, “Is it I?”

And He answered and said unto them, “It is one of the twelve that dippeth his hand with Me in the dish; the same shall betray Me. And truly the Son of man goeth, as it was determined, and as it is written of Him; but woe unto that man by whom the Son of man is betrayed! It had been good for that man if he had never been born.”

Now there was leaning on Jesus’ bosom one of His disciples, whom Jesus loved. Simon Peter therefore beckoned to him, that he should ask who it should be of whom He spake. He then lying on Jesus’ breast saith unto Him,

“Lord, who is it?”

Jesus answered, “He it is, to whom I shall give a sop, when I have dipped it.”

And when He had dipped the sop, He gave it to Judas Iscariot, the son of Simon.

And after the sop Satan entered into him. Then Judas, which betrayed Him, answered and said,

“Master, is it I?”

He said unto him, “Thou hast said.”

Then Jesus said unto him, “That thou doest, do quickly.”

Now no man at the table knew for what intent He

spake this unto him. For some of them thought because Judas had the bag, that Jesus had said unto him,

“Buy those things that we have need of against the feast,” or that he should give something to the poor.

He then, having received the sop, went immediately out: and it was night.

When therefore Judas was gone out, Jesus said:

“Now is the Son of man glorified, and God is glorified in Him. If God be glorified in Him, God shall also glorify Him in Himself and shall straightway glorify Him. Little children, yet a little while I am with you. Ye shall ask me: and as I said unto the Jews, ‘Whither I go, ye can not come:’ so now I say to you. A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another.”

Simon Peter said unto Him, “Lord, whither goest Thou?”

Jesus answered him, “Whither I go, thou canst not follow Me now; but thou shalt follow Me afterwards.”

Peter said unto Him, “Lord, why can not I follow Thee now? I will lay down my life for Thy sake.”

Then said Jesus unto them:

“All ye shall be offended because of Me this night; for it is written, ‘I will smite the shepherd, and the sheep of the flock shall be scattered abroad.’ But after that I am risen again, I will go before you into Galilee.”

But Peter answered and said unto Him, "Though all men should be offended because of Thee, yet will I never be offended."

And the Lord said, "Simon, Simon, behold, Satan hath desired to have thee that he may sift thee as wheat: but I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not: and when thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren."

And he said unto Him, "Lord, I am ready to go with Thee, both into prison, and to death."

And Jesus saith unto him, "Wilt thou lay down thy life for My sake? Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Peter, that this day, even this night, before the cock crow twice, thou shalt thrice deny that thou knowest Me."

But Peter spake the more vehemently, "Though I should die with thee, yet will I not deny thee in any wise."

Likewise also said all the disciples.

And He said unto them, "When I sent you without purse, and scrip, and shoes, lacked ye anything?"

And they said, "Nothing."

Then said He unto them: "But now he that hath a purse, let him take it, and likewise his scrip: and he that hath no sword, let him sell his garment, and buy one. For I say unto you, that this that is written must yet be accomplished in Me, 'And He was reckoned among the transgressors:' for the things concerning Me have an end."

And they said, "Lord, behold, here are two swords."

And (when Jesus saw that they did not understand that He meant not a real steel sword, but the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God) He said unto them, "It is enough."

And as they were eating, Jesus took bread, and blessed it, and gave thanks, and when He had given thanks, He brake it, and gave it to the disciples, and said,

"Take, eat: this is My body which is given for you: this do in remembrance of Me."

And He took likewise also the cup after supper, and gave thanks, and when He had given thanks, He gave it to them, saying unto them:

"Drink ye all of it; for this is My blood of the New Testament, which is shed for you and for many for the remission of sins: this do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of Me. But verily I say unto you, I will not drink henceforth of this fruit of the vine, until that day when I drink it new with you in My Father's kingdom."

And they all drank of it.

Then Jesus talked a long time with His disciples, speaking to them the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth chapters of John. Then He prayed for them the beautiful prayer in the seventeenth of John.

And when Jesus had spoken these words, and they had sung an hymn, He came out with His disciples, and went, as He was wont, over the brook Cedron into

the Mount of Olives; and His disciples also followed Him. And they came to a garden which was named Gethsemane, into which He entered, and His disciples. And when He was at the place, He saith unto His disciples,

“Pray that ye enter not into temptation. Sit ye here, while I go and pray yonder.”

And He took with Him Peter, and James and John, the two sons of Zebedee, and began to be sorrowful, and to be very heavy. Then saith He unto them,

“My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death: tarry ye here, and watch with Me.”

And He went forward a little, and was withdrawn from them about a stone’s cast, and kneeled down on the ground, and fell on His face, and prayed that, if it were possible, the hour might pass from Him.

And He said, “O My Father, if it be possible (and all things are possible unto Thee), and if Thou be willing, remove this cup from Me: nevertheless not as I will, but as Thou wilt; not My will, but Thine, be done.”

And there appeared an angel unto Him from heaven, strengthening Him. And being in an agony He prayed more earnestly: and His sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground. And when He rose up from prayer, and was come to His disciples, He found them sleeping for sorrow, and said unto Peter:

“Simon, sleepest thou? Why sleep ye? What, could

ye not watch with Me one hour? Watch ye and pray, lest ye enter into temptation. The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak."

And He went away again the second time, and prayed, and spake the same words, saying,

"O My Father, if this cup may not pass away from Me, except I drink it, Thy will be done."

And He came and found them asleep again; for their eyes were heavy, neither wist they what to answer Him. And He left them and went away again, and prayed the third time, saying the same words.

Then cometh He to His disciples the third time, and saith unto them:

"Sleep on now, and take your rest; behold, it is enough, the hour is come, and the Son of man is betrayed into the hands of sinners. Rise up, let us be going: behold, he is at hand that doth betray Me."

And Judas also, which betrayeth Him, knew the place; for Jesus oftentimes resorted thither with His disciples. Judas then, having received a band of men and officers from the chief priests and Pharisees, cometh thither with lanterns and torches and weapons.

And immediately while Jesus yet spake, lo, Judas, one of the twelve, came, and with him a great multitude with swords and staves, from the chief priests and the scribes, and the elders of the people: and Judas went before them.

Jesus therefore, knowing all things that should come upon Him, went forth, and said unto them,

“Whom seek ye?”

They answered Him, “Jesus of Nazareth.”

Jesus saith unto them, “I am He.”

And Judas also, which betrayed Him, stood with them.

As soon then as He said unto them, “I am He,” they went backward, and fell to the ground.

Then asked He them again, “Whom seek ye?”

And they said, “Jesus of Nazareth.”

Jesus answered, “I have told you that I am He: if therefore ye seek Me, let these go their way:” that the saying might be fulfilled, which He spake,

“Of them which Thou gavest Me have I lost none.”

Now he that betrayed Him had given them a sign, saying,

“Whomsoever I shall kiss, that same is He; take Him, and hold Him fast and lead Him away safely.”

And as soon as he was come, he goeth straightway to Jesus to kiss Him, and said,

“Hail, Master;” and kissed Him.

And Jesus said unto him: “Friend, wherefore art thou come? Judas, betrayest thou the Son of man with a kiss?”

Then came they and laid their hands on Jesus, and took Him.

Judas was the one bad man among the twelve disciples of Jesus.

He was not frank and outspoken like Peter ; or loving like John ; or honest and true like the others ; he was wicked from the first. But he was smart, and the disciples made him their treasurer, and he often stole from the treasury for himself.

He loved money, and he did not love Jesus.

So we see that "Judas was n't a real disciple. He was only a make-believe disciple. He only went with the others because he was the treasurer, and carried the money, and could sometimes steal some for himself.

"Little children who are like Jesus, and have given their hearts to Him, go to Sunday-school because they love Him, and not for the pretty paper, or the nice music, or even because they love the teacher."

A poor little boy, invited to a meeting, asked, "Is there anything to stuff?" He was like Judas ; he would go if there was anything to eat, anything to be gained by going.

A boy was once sent on an errand by his mother, and was told not to go by a certain way, so as to meet a companion whom she wished to keep from his company.

The boy was disobedient, and did the very thing against which his mother had warned him.

On his return, he clung round his mother's neck, and kissed her with special lovingness.

This led her to think that he had been obedient against his own wishes, and was feeling the reward of obedience in an increased love for his mother.

Whereas he was, in this way, trying to cover up his disobedience and to assure his mother that he had complied with her commands.

This boy was on the way to the sin of Judas, betraying Jesus with a kiss. As my sister, Mrs. L. M. Pate, says:

"People never get to be thieves and murderers like Judas all in a minute. They grow wicked little by little.

"I do n't doubt Judas began by taking money from his mother's purse, or staying out nights when she wanted him at home, or tormenting the dog and teasing his little brothers, or being angry when he was punished.

"I am sure Judas was a bad boy; for the good boy is almost sure to be a good man. The boy who sometimes goes without his candy to save the money for the missionaries, that is always loving to his baby sister, that would not be cruel even to a fly, will never be a Judas.

"The girl who darns mamma's stocking at a penny a hole to earn some money to send to the Indians, who always obeys her father, who is gentle and patient and loving, will never get to be like Judas.

"We want to be careful about the little sins, and then we shall never have to repent of any big ones.

"A little boy five years old was converted. He had been used to take a little sugar out of the bowl in the morning after his mother had left the dining-room.

"When he had given his heart to Jesus, he did not want to do it, and as the thought came to him, and he was afraid he would, he called to his mother, 'Mamma, come quickly.'

"She ran to the room, fearing he was hurt. Then he said, 'Put the sugar-bowl up high where I can't get it.'

"When she had done so, he said, 'Now, mamma, let us pray, Lead us not into temptation.'

"If all little children would be as quick to resist evil as little Willie was they would never betray Jesus."

Judas or Jesus, which will you be like, little one? I am sure you are saying, "Jesus."

crying aloud began to desire him to do as he had ever done unto them. But Pilate answered them, saying,

“Ye have a custom, that I should release unto you one at the passover. Whom will ye therefore that I release unto you? Barabbas or Jesus which is called Christ, the King of the Jews?”

For he knew that the chief priests had delivered Him for envy.

And they cried out all at once, saying, “Not this man, but Barabbas. Away with this Man, and release unto us Barabbas.”

Pilate therefore, willing to release Jesus, answered and said again unto them,

“What will ye then that I shall do with Jesus which is called Christ, the King of the Jews?”

But they all cried out and said unto him again, “Let Him be crucified. Crucify Him, crucify Him!”

Then Pilate said unto them again: “Why, what evil hath He done? I have found no cause of death in Him: I will therefore chastise Him, and let Him go.”

But they cried out the more exceedingly, saying, “Let Him be crucified. Crucify Him.”

Then Pilate therefore took Jesus, and scourged Him, and delivered Him to be crucified. Then the soldiers of the governor led Jesus away into the common hall called Prætorium; and gathered unto Him the whole band of soldiers. And they stripped Him, and put on Him a scarlet robe. And when they had platted a crown

of thorns, they put it upon His head, and a reed in His right hand, and mocked Him, saying,

“Hail, King of the Jews!”

And they did spit upon Him, and bowing their knees worshiped Him, and took the reed, and smote Him on the head with the reed, and with their hands.

And after that they had mocked Jesus, they took the robe off from Him, and put His own raiment on Him, and took Him and led Him away to crucify Him. And as they came out, and led Him away, He bearing His cross, they found a man of Cyrene, Simon by name, who passed by, coming out of the country, the father of Alexander and Rufus: and they laid hold upon him and on him they laid the cross and compelled him that he might bear it after Jesus.

And there followed Him a great company of people, and of women, which also bewailed and lamented Him. But Jesus turning unto them, said,

“Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for Me, but weep for yourselves, and for your children.”

And there were also two others, malefactors, led with Him to be put to death. And they brought Him unto the place which is called Calvary, or in the Hebrew, Golgotha, which is, being interpreted, “The place of a skull.”

And when they came to the place, they gave Him to drink vinegar mingled with gall: but when He had tasted thereof, He would not drink.

And it was the third hour, and there they crucified Him. And with Him were crucified the two thieves; the one on His right hand, and the other on His left; on either side one, and Jesus in the midst.

And the Scripture was fulfilled which saith, "And He was numbered with the transgressors."

Then said Jesus, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."

Then the soldiers, when they had crucified Jesus, took His garments and made four parts, to every soldier a part; and also His coat; now the coat was without seam, woven from the top throughout. They said therefore among themselves,

"Let us not rend it, but cast lots for it, whose it shall be:" that the Scripture might be fulfilled which saith,

"They parted My raiment among them, and for My vesture they did cast lots."

These things therefore the soldiers did, casting lots upon them, what every man should take. And sitting down they watched Him there.

And Pilate wrote a title, and put it up over His head on the cross, His accusation. And the superscription of his accusation was written in letters of Hebrew and Greek and Latin. And the writing was,

" THIS IS JESUS OF NAZARETH,
THE KING OF THE JEWS."

This title then read many of the Jews: for the place where Jesus was crucified was nigh to the city. Then said the chief priests of the Jews to Pilate,

“Write not, ‘The King of the Jews;’ but that He said, ‘I am King of the Jews.’”

Pilate answered, “What I have written I have written.”

And they that passed by reviled Jesus, wagging their heads and saying:

“Ah, Thou that destroyeth the temple, and buildest it in three days, save Thyself. If Thou be the Son of God, come down from the cross.”

And the people stood beholding. And the rulers also with them derided Him; likewise also the chief priests mocking Him, with the scribes and elders, said among themselves,

“He saved others; Himself He can not save. If He be Christ, the King of Israel, and the chosen of God, let Him now come down from the cross: let Him save Himself, that we may see, and we will believe Him. He trusted in God; let Him deliver Him now, if He will have Him: for He said, ‘I am the Son of God.’”

And the soldiers also mocked Him, coming to Him, and offering Him vinegar, and saying,

“If Thou be the King of the Jews, save Thyself.”

And one of the malefactors which were crucified with Him, cast the same in his teeth, and reviled Him, and railed on Him, saying,

“If Thou be Christ, save Thyself and us.”

But the other answering rebuked him, saying,

"Dost not thou fear God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation? And we indeed justly; for we receive the due reward of our deeds; but this Man hath done nothing amiss."

And he said unto Jesus, "Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom."

And Jesus said unto him, "Verily I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with Me in paradise."

Now there stood by the cross of Jesus, His mother, and His mother's sister, Mary the wife of Cleopas, and Mary Magdalene. When Jesus therefore saw His mother, and the disciple standing by whom He loved, He saith unto His mother,

"Woman, behold thy Son!"

Then saith He unto the disciple, "Behold thy mother!"

And from that hour that disciple took her unto his own home.

And when the sixth hour was come, there was a darkness over the whole land until the ninth hour, and the sun was darkened. And at the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying,

"Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani!" (which is, being interpreted, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?") And some of them that stood by when they heard it, said,

"Behold, He calleth for Elijah."

After this, Jesus knowing that all things were now accomplished, that the Scripture might be fulfilled, saith, "I thirst."

Now there was set a vessel full of vinegar: and straightway one of them ran, and took a sponge, and filled it full of vinegar, and put it on a reed upon hyssop, and gave Him to drink. The rest said,

"Let alone; let us see whether Elijah will come to take Him down, and save Him." When Jesus therefore had received the vinegar, He said,

"It is finished."

And when He had cried again with a loud voice, He said,

"Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit!"

And having said thus, He bowed His head, and gave up the ghost.

And behold, the veil of the temple was rent in twain in the midst, from the top to the bottom; and the earth did quake, and the rocks were rent; and the graves were opened; and many bodies of the saints which slept arose, and came out of the graves after His resurrection, and went into the holy city, and appeared unto many.

Now, when the centurion which stood over against Him, and they that were with him, watching Jesus, saw that He so cried out, and gave up the ghost; and saw the earth quake, and those things that were done, they feared greatly: and the centurion glorified God, saying,

"Certainly this was a righteous Man. Truly this man was the Son of God."

This story of Jesus on the cross dying for our sins was told one day to a poor little Indian girl who came to the mission.

Her tears fell fast, and looking up into her teacher's face she said,

"Me never want to be naughty any more."

Touched by the story of love, she resolved never to grieve such a Lover, and after that she was always her teacher's best helper and a great blessing to the mission.

She grew up to be a good woman and a blessed worker among her own sex in the Indian mission.

No man or martyr ever suffered as Jesus did on the night of His betrayal and in the midday darkness of His crucifixion.

Think of the awful agony in the garden when as it were great drops of blood fell down to the ground.

Think of the merciless Roman scourge, not just the Jewish scourge of thirty-nine stripes, but the pitiless lashing of perhaps a hundred stripes, that tore all the flesh from His back and breast and arms, and with the cruel thorns, and mocking blows, left His face more marred than any man's.

Think of the thirst and torture and fever and faintness of the cross, without the soothing drink the thieves beside Him had, which dulled their pain and helped them to bear it.

But this was not the greatest suffering Jesus bore.

We can not understand it, but the Bible says that

He was made a curse for us, that the Lord laid on Him the sins of the whole world, and He was punished for them.

Think of the hiding of the Father's face, the loss of the consciousness of that Father's love, for God's pure eyes could not look with favor upon Jesus while He was bearing our sins.

They taunted Jesus on the cross, saying, "He saved others, Himself He can not save."

In one way they told the truth.

We can not keep what we give. He could not save Himself and save sinners.

Man sold himself to Satan in the Garden of Eden.

Satan is the author of death. The wages of sin is death.

God offered to buy man back from Satan.

Satan's price was the life of the Son of God.

So nothing could save us but the sacrifice of Jesus.

One dark, stormy night Geordie Wilson was awakened by a cry of distress. Going down to the beach, he heard, above the sound of the roaring waters, "Help! help! we perish! O save us." He wakened his neighbors, but seeing the mountain of water, and foreseeing danger and death, they said, "We dare not venture."

But through the raging storm came the piteous cry, "Save us! save us!"

Then Wilson cried out: "Men, brethren, dare you in

God's sight say that you can not, that you will not, make the attempt to save those perishing ones, after all God has done for you? Were not you and I once like that ill-fated vessel yonder? Wrecked, body and soul, lost through sin, and rapidly sinking into the bottomless sea of an awful eternity? And did not God hear our cry for help, and in our utter helplessness and despair stretch forth His own arm and save us with a mighty salvation that cost the blood of the only Son of His bosom? Did He not freely give Him up for us? 'Hereby perceive we the love of God because He laid down His life for us, and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren.' This is His own Word. He not only risked His life, but gave it, to rescue and save you and me. And shall we now refuse to risk our lives to save others?"

Then there came surging up from that awed crowd a chorus of voices, crying: "No! no! We will! we will! God helping us, we'll brave the storm. Christ died for us, and we will risk our lives to save them."

The lifeboat, manned by a sturdy band of godly fishermen, made its perilous way over the raging billows, and Geordie Wilson, with a sailor's daring, swung himself on board the sinking ship. The whole crew and their rescuers were safe in the lifeboat, all except Geordie and one other seaman, when the terrible cry came from the crowded boat,

"Only room for one, or we shall all perish!"

Looking at the seaman, whose face Wilson had never seen before, and would never see again, until they met in eternity, he said, calmly but firmly,

“Quick, friend! jump this moment, and you’ll be saved! I am safe, and shall soon land on the golden shore; meet me again there.”

As the lifeboat moved off with its living freight, Geordie shouted through the storm,

“Tell my wife to be comforted, for I shall be safe in Calvary’s lifeboat,” and they heard him singing:

“Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!”

Geordie Wilson had saved others. He could not save himself.

Jesus did not die because He could not help Himself, but because He loved us. Twelve legions of angels were all about Him, ready to take Him away from those that hated Him, if He would only speak the word. But He loved us a thousand times more than He loved His life, so He gave His life for us.

A little infant scholar listened one Lord’s-day to the story of Jesus on the cross. The child understood some-

thing of the suffering of the Savior, and that it was for her, but the only words she remembered were,

“He bowed His head and died.”

That night in her dreams her mother heard her sob as she repeated,

“He bowed His head and died.”

The child had a strong will, and when she once refused to do anything, they could not move her. One Lord’s-day her teacher told her to do something, but she refused.

“Will you not do it because you love me?” she asked the little one. The child shook her head.

“Will you not do it because it is right?” Again she stubbornly refused.

“Will you not do it for Jesus?”

The child’s lip quivered, she threw herself on her face at her teacher’s feet, and sobbed out,

“O, I will do it for Jesus, because He bowed His head and died.”

It always helps us to do right when we think of the cross and how our Savior suffered on it.

All that was necessary for our salvation God and Christ and the Holy Spirit have done.

God gave Jesus, His only beloved Son; then Jesus died and rose and ascended, and sent the Holy Spirit to whisper to our hearts that God loves us and Jesus died for us.



THE RESURRECTION.

Jesus is risen, let mortals adore Him,
Risen in power, Almighty to save;
Enemies falter and perish before Him,
Conqueror of Satan, of Sin, and the Grave.

M. W. KNAPP.

Chapter XV.

THE RESURRECTION.

A CHRISTIAN gentleman stood before an art store, looking at a picture of the crucifixion. A poor boy approached, and gazed also at the picture. The gentleman turned to the boy, and said, pointing to the picture,

"Do you know who it is?"

"Yes," was the quick reply, "that's our Savior."

Then with a mingled look of pity and surprise that the man did not know what the picture represented, and a desire to enlighten him further, he continued,

"Them's the soldiers, the Roman soldiers," and, with a deep sigh, "that woman crying is His mother."

He waited a moment for further questioning, then thrust his hand in his pockets, and with a reverent, subdued voice, added,

"They killed Him, Mister. Yes, sir, they killed Him!"

The gentleman looked at the dirty, ragged, little fellow, and asked,

"Where did you learn this?"

"At the mission school."

The gentleman resumed his walk, leaving the boy looking at the picture. He had not gone a block when he heard a childish voice crying,

"Mister! say, Mis-ter!"

He turned. The boy raised his little hand, and, in a triumphant tone, shouted,

"I wanted to tell you He rose again! Yes, Mister, He rose again."

His message delivered, he smiled, waved his hand, and went his way.

The boy was right. Only three days and three nights the Lord Jesus lay in the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea.

Then the angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came and rolled back the stone from the door, and sat upon it. His countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow: and for fear of him the keepers did shake, and became as dead men.

And in the end of the Sabbath, very early in the morning on the first day of the week, Mary Magdalene and the other Mary came into the sepulcher as it began to dawn, but when it was yet dark, bringing the spices which they had prepared, and certain others with them. And they said among themselves,

"Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulcher?" (for it was very great.)

And when they looked, they saw that the stone was rolled away from the sepulcher.

And they entered in, and found not the body of the Lord Jesus. Then Mary Magdalene ran and came to Simon Peter, and to the other disciple whom Jesus loved, and saith unto them,

"They have taken away the Lord out of the sepulcher, and we know not where they have laid Him."

And they that remained at the sepulcher were much perplexed, and entering again into the sepulcher, they saw two young men sitting on the right side clothed in long white shining garments: and they were afraid: and as the women bowed down their faces to the earth, the men answered and said unto them:

“Be not ye affrighted; for we know that ye seek Jesus of Nazareth; which was crucified. Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here, but He is risen, as He said. Remember how He spake unto you when He was yet in Galilee, saying, ‘The Son of man must be delivered unto the hands of sinful men, and be crucified, and the third day rise again.’ Come see the place where they laid Him. And go your way quickly, and tell His disciples and Peter, that He is risen from the dead, and that He goeth before you into Galilee; there shall ye see Him as He said unto you: lo, we have told you.”

In Egypt, they tell us, is a beautiful plant called “the resurrection flower.” Those who have seen it say that it is a little ball hanging on a fragile stem, in color and shape like a shrunk poppy head. Sleeping, but not dead, the flower is aroused by being put in water, and then supported in an upright position. Soon the fibers begin to stir. Slowly they open, until, with petals thrown back, it becomes a beautiful starry flower, like an aster. Resting a moment, it throws its very heart to the daylight, and curving back its petals, discloses beauties un-

dreamed of in the loveliness of its first awakening. If a wee, fragile flower be capable of disclosing such rare beauty, how glorious must have been the resurrection body of our Lord Jesus!

And His resurrection teaches us that, though the body be destroyed, the spirit does not die. God put life into the body, and when it dies the life goes back to Him. The body may crumble to dust, but the spirit is safe with Him.

You have seen how the dry, brown, apparently dead bulb is placed in the earth and covered with the dark soil. After a time tiny green shoots appear, the first sign of a new life. Then these little shoots begin to grow, increasing in size and strength until they form a beautiful plant, which bears a sweet, pure, white flower.

The little bulb was only sleeping after all, as one dear little girl thought, who, dropping a lily bulb into the ground, and carefully covering it, said,

"I've put it to bed, and tucked it up; I'll come some morning and find its eyes open."

So the dead bodies of our friends laid in the dark grave will not remain there. When Jesus comes He will break the bands of death, and they will rise in the beauty and splendor of His resurrection life.

And the thought of the resurrection is one comfort for those whose friends have died.

Some one tells a beautiful story of how the sunshine,

for the first time in months, one Easter morning touched the ragged walks and garbage-boxes of Pearl Alley, in a wicked city.

As the sun went on its bright way, it reached a narrow, dingy-paned window where bloomed one poor, pale, little rose. The rose belonged to the Mulligans.

This morning Mrs. Mulligan kept stopping to look at and turn it round and round. At last she said, fingering the stem with her brown fingers,

"Do you think you could give up the rose, Patsy?"

Patsy was her little, sick boy, who loved the rose dearly.

The child looked up with a startled air. "Give up the rose, mother? What for?"

"For the dead baby upstairs. Its poor mother is heartbroken because she has no money to pay for the burial. I thought the rose would look pretty in its little hand."

"O, yes, mother, give it to her." But a look of pain swept the pale little face as the stem snapped.

"Will it kill the bush, mother? Will there ever be another?"

"I do n't know. What's done is done;" and Mrs. Mulligan climbed the stairs, and placed the rose in the little, white hand. The mother's aching heart was comforted.

Patsy tried not to miss the rose, and when his mother

came down, they began talking about Margaret, Patsy's sister, who played a tambourine on the street for money.

While Patsy and his mother were talking about Margaret, she was resting on the steps of a great, stone church. As she listened to the organ, she fell asleep.

When she awoke, there stood before her a little girl with pink cheeks, shining brown eyes, and hair tied with crisp ribbons.

"We're going to have Sunday-school now. Won't you come?"

Margaret shook her head. She did not know what Sunday-school meant.

"Then wait a minute," said the pretty stranger.

Before Margaret could answer, she was back, carrying a potted hyacinth, whose drooping, white bells shook out rare fragrance.

"It is for you," she said. "There are flowers for all the children to-day."

Margaret took it, half afraid, then ran home, and burst into the room, her cheeks glowing and her eyes shining.

"O Patsy, did you ever see anything like this? It's to set beside the rose—why—" and she looked blankly at the shorn bush.

"Mither sent it away, the dead baby upstairs," explained Patsy.

"But this is a thousand times better. And here's a beautiful card, Mar'get, stickin' in among the leaves."

The mother took the card, and read :

"I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

"It's somethin' out of the Bible," she said; "I believe I'll take it up to that poor woman upstairs. Mebbe it'll comfort her heart a little that's so sore about her baby."

So she took the beautiful Bible word about the resurrection up to the heartbroken mother, and she was comforted.

Chapter XVI.

THE ASCENSION.

IMMEDIATELY after Jesus rose He spoke to Mary Magdalene in the garden, then He went away to His heavenly home; but He came back to earth many times, and appeared to His friends during the forty days before His final ascension.

Jesus appeared first to Mary Magdalene, who loved Him very much because He had cast out of her seven demons. She saw Him first because she was in the garden when He arose. (Mark xvi, 9; John xx, 11-18.)

Jesus appeared next to the other women who went to the tomb to embalm Him, and said to them,

“All hail!”

And when they fell down at His feet and worshiped Him, he said, kindly and tenderly,

“Be not afraid: go tell my brethren that they go into Galilee, and there shall they see Me.” Matt. xxviii, 9, 10.)

Jesus appeared to two disciples, on the way to Emmaus, and walked and talked with them. (Mark vi, 12, 13; Luke xxiv, 13-35.)

Jesus appeared to Simon Peter all alone, to give him a chance to put his arms around Him, and tell Him how sorry he was that he had denied Him, and ask His forgiveness. (Luke x, 34; 1 Cor. xv, 5.)



THE ASCENSION.

(DORÉ.)



Jesus appeared to the disciples gathered in an upper room with the door locked for fear of the Jews. (Mark xvi, 14-18; Luke iv, 36-49; John xx, 19-23.)

Jesus appeared to eleven of the disciples one week later in the same upper room, Thomas being with them this time. (John xx, 24-29.)

Jesus appeared to seven of His disciples who were fishing on the Sea of Galilee, and prepared a breakfast for them.

Here it was that Jesus said three times to Peter, who had denied Him three times, "Lovest thou Me?" and three times Peter said, "Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee!"

And Jesus said, "Feed My sheep."

Jesus appeared to over five hundred brethren in a mountain in Galilee. (Matt. xxviii, 16-20; 1 Cor. xv, 6.)

Jesus appeared all alone to James, perhaps because he was to be the first martyr of the twelve, and Jesus wished to prepare him for his great trial. (1 Cor. xv, 7.)

Jesus appeared to the eleven in Jerusalem, and commanded them that they should not depart from Jerusalem, but wait for the promise of the Father, "which," saith He, "ye have heard of Me. For John truly baptized with water; but ye shall be baptized with the Holy Spirit not many days hence."

When the disciples and Jesus were together at Jerusalem, they asked Him, saying,

"Lord, wilt Thou at this time restore again the kingdom of Israel?"

And He said unto them,

"It is not for you to know the times or the seasons, which the Father hath put in His own power. But, behold, I send the promise of My Father upon you: and ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Spirit is come upon you: and ye shall witness unto Me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and into the uttermost part of the earth. But tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem, until ye be endued with the power from on high."

After the Lord had spoken these things unto them, He led them out as far as Bethany, and He lifted up His hands, and blessed them. And it came to pass while He blessed them, He was parted from them; and while they beheld, He was carried up into heaven, and sat on the right hand of God.

And while they looked steadfastly toward heaven as He went up, behold two men stood by them in white apparel; which also said,

"Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven."

Then they worshiped Him, and with great joy returned to Jerusalem from the mount called Olivet, which is from Jerusalem a Sabbath-day's journey; and were continually in the temple, praising and blessing God.

And they went forth, and preached everywhere, the

Lord working with them, confirming the word with signs following.

Though in His body Jesus is up in heaven at the right hand of God, on His Father's throne, yet He is as truly with us as if our bodily eyes could behold Him, because He can see us and sympathize with us all the time.

When Charles the Pretender was in Scotland with his highland clans, a sore battle was waged at Prestonpans. During the conflict, at a most critical point, the chief of the noble house of MacGregor fell, wounded by two balls. Seeing their beloved leader fall, the clan wavered, and the battle was well-nigh lost.

The brave old chieftain, seeing the effect of his disaster, raised himself up on his elbow, the blood gushing in streams from his side, and cried out in the old voice they had been wont to obey,

"I am not dead, my children; I am looking at you to see you do your duty."

These words revived the courage of the brave Highlanders, and inspired them to put forth their mightiest energies. With wonderful valor they met the tide of battle, and turned it into a victory.

Christ is living, not dead. From heaven He watches our conflict with sin and Satan.

"How many brothers have you?" asked a gentleman of a little boy.

"Three, sir, and one in heaven."

"No, my son," said his mother, "you have no brother in heaven."

But the lad said: "Did you not tell me that God was my Father, and that Jesus Christ is the Son of God? Then He must be my Brother in heaven."

The boy had caught a glimpse of the wonderful truth of a living, loving Jesus, our Elder Brother.

One of Jesus' last words was, "Preach the gospel." And one way to do it is to tell others about Jesus.

One Christmas morning, in a dark, little attic in New York City, a young girl lay dying.

A few years before she had run away from her beautiful home in a fit of passion.

There were days of gayety and excitement; then months of heart-breaking sorrow and awful remorse, and now pitiless disease.

A few times she had been in a mission, and heard a lady tell that Christ could save to the uttermost, but she could not believe it meant one so low as she.

As she lay there all alone that Christmas morning, with her puny baby in her arms, crying or moaning, no words can describe her wretchedness.

Presently the one who had spoken the cheering words at the mission came into the room, and stood beside her.

A look of joy came into the white, shrunken face, as and said,

"O, I'm glad you've come; I've seen you before.

I have n't much time, and O, I want to ask you a question. Is it all true what you've said, that Jesus Christ can save to the uttermost? And does that mean everybody?"

"O, yes," promptly came the answer, as her little hand was tenderly pressed; "it's all true, and He died to save you."

"But," she interrupted, "is it really so, He would be glad to save me?"

O, how earnest was the gaze she fastened on the face bending over her, as again she said:

"What! glad, did you say? O, you do n't know what a wretched outcast I am—Glad to save me!" she murmured softly, trying to take it all in.

"Dear child," the answer came, "I mean every word of it, not only willing, but glad indeed to save you."

After a few moments of silent struggling, the poor, sick girl opened her eyes, and by the changed expression of her face one could see the result of these words of love.

With unnatural strength, she raised her little baby, and, holding it in front of her face, said,

"Baby, do you hear that? It is so; Jesus can save your mother! and baby, He said He would be glad to do it!"

Then, with a sweet smile of trust, she added,

"As God is a Father to the orphan, I give you to Him to be cared for, little one."

Then laying the baby down with a tired sigh, she passed away.

But for hours a peculiar smile of final victory over sin made her face beautiful though it was so thin and white.

Jesus is coming again, coming literally, visibly, personally, certainly.

He went away promising power. He will come again with power.

He went away in a cloud. He will come again in a cloud.

He went away into heaven. He is coming again from heaven.

He went from the mount called Olivet. He is coming to the Mount of Olives.

He went away blessing. He is coming again to crown.

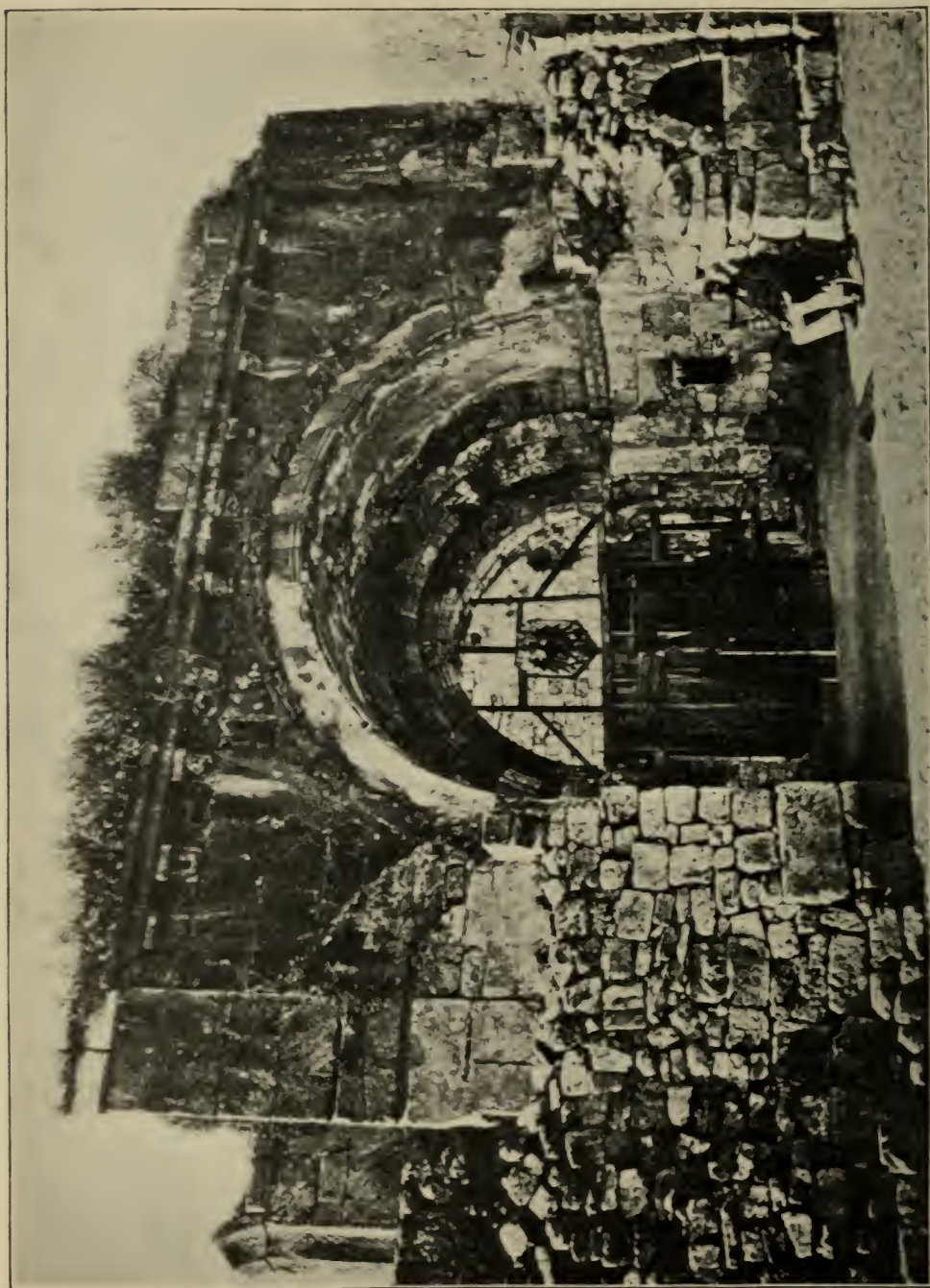
Only His chosen saw Him go; only His chosen will see Him return.

Since He went away, Stephen has seen Him, and Saul and John.

And I shall see Him, for the promise with which He awakened me one morning was,

“Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty.”

And you may see Him; if you will love Him, look for Him.



PRISON OF ST. PETER.

Chapter XVII.

PETER IN PRISON.

THERE are those who have seen Jesus since He went away to His Father's throne.

The first one who saw Him after His ascension was Stephen, the first Christian martyr.

Luke tells us that one day, after Stephen had preached a wonderful sermon, the people were cut to the heart, and they gnashed on him with their teeth. But he being full of the Holy Spirit, looked up steadfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God and Jesus standing on the right hand of God, and said,

"Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God."

Then the people cried out with a loud voice, and stopped their ears, and ran upon him with one accord, and cast him out of the city and stoned him: and the witnesses laid down their clothes at a young man's feet whose name was Saul.

And they stoned Stephen, calling upon God, and saying, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit."

And he kneeled down and cried with a loud voice, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge."

And when he had said this he fell asleep. (Acts vii, 54-60.)

The second one who saw Jesus after His ascension was the very Saul who held Stephen's garments while he was being stoned, and for whom Stephen prayed.

This is the story:

And Saul yet breathing out threatening and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord, went unto the high priest, and desired of him letters to Damascus to the synagogues, that if he found any who worshiped Jesus, whether they were men or women, he might bring them bound to Jerusalem.

And as he journeyed he came near Damascus, and suddenly there shined round about him a light from heaven: and he fell to the earth, and heard a voice saying unto him,

"Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me?"

And he said, "Who art Thou, Lord?"

And the Lord said, "I am Jesus whom thou persecutest: it is hard for thee to kick against the pricks."

And he trembling and astonished, said,

"Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?"

And the Lord said unto him,

"Arise and go into the city, and it shall be told thee what thou shalt do."

And the men which journeyed with him stood speechless hearing a voice but seeing no man.

And Saul arose from the earth: and when his eyes were opened, he saw no man: but they led him by the hand and brought him to Damascus. (Acts ix, 1-8.)

And he was no longer a persecutor of the saints, but a believer in Jesus.

The third one who saw Jesus after His ascension was John, the beloved disciple, when he was in prison because he was faithful in preaching the Word of God.

One Lord's-day in the prison Jesus revealed Himself, and John fell at His feet so frightened that he fainted away.

Jesus laid His hand on him, and revived him, and said,

"Fear not, I am the first and the last; I am He that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore." (Rev. i, 17, 18.)

Though not many have seen Jesus since He went away, a great multitude have been blessed and protected. Among these is Peter, whose name is always first in every list of the twelve apostles.

Herod the king put James the apostle to death, and had Peter arrested, and put in prison in Jerusalem, intending to have him put to death the next day.

But that night a little band of good men and women prayed for Peter, and he lay down to sleep in the prison between the two Roman soldiers to whom he was chained.

The prison gates and the guards kept all his earthly friends from him, but in answer to their prayers, the angel of the Lord came and stood by him, and his cell was as light as day.

But so soundly was he sleeping that he did not waken until the angel smote him on the side, and said,

“Gird thyself and bind on thy sandals.”

When Peter had done this, the angel said,

“Cast thy garment about thee, and follow me.”

And Peter went out, following the angel, and could not understand it, but thought he must be dreaming.

They walked out of the wards of the prison, and when they came to the iron gate that led to the city, it opened of its own accord, and they went out and passed through one street, and then the angel left him to go alone.

The light did not waken Peter's keeper, nor the sound of the chains, nor the opening of the doors, nor the voice of the angel, so he was perfectly safe ; they could not follow him.

Then Peter came to himself, and said,

“I know of a surety, that the Lord sent His angel, and hath delivered me out of the hand of Herod, and from all the expectation of the people of the Jews.”

Then he walked on, thinking, perhaps, about his dreadful danger, and his great deliverance, and what he should do to show his gratitude to God.

Presently he came to the house of Mary, the mother of John Mark, who wrote the second Gospel. The Holy Spirit led him to this house, because here his friends were gathered to pray for him.

Peter knocked at the door. A young girl named

Rhoda went to the door, and listened, wondering who it could be at that time of night. Was it an officer come to arrest them and take them to prison too?

Then Peter spoke, and Rhoda knew his voice, for she had heard him preach and pray. But instead of opening the gate to let him in, she was so delighted that she ran back to the others to tell them that he was there.

They could not believe it at first that God really had heard their prayer, and wrought a miracle, and taken Peter out of prison.

But Peter kept on knocking, and presently they let him in, and were so astonished that they began to ask him all sorts of questions.

He beckoned to them with his hand to hold their peace, and then he told them all about his beautiful deliverance by the angel, and asked them to tell the other disciples. Then he went away to another city so that Herod could not arrest him again.

There are a few words in one psalm that David wrote which I feel almost sure that Peter remembered.

"The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them." (Ps. xxxiv, 7.)

Only yesterday I learned how a friend of mine went, one hot summer day, with one of her helpers up into her small garret, and was locked in and could not get out.

It was away up in the top of the house where no

sound could possibly reach the people below. They screamed and pounded and stamped until, at last, almost overcome with the heat, they grew perfectly quiet, and my friend claimed God's promise of protection and deliverance.

Suddenly the door opened of its own accord, and they went down to tell the household how God had delivered them something as he did Peter.

History relates how, many years ago in France, during the French Inquisition, a little boy was arrested and put to torture because he would not reveal the hiding-place of his father.

The thumbscrews, those instruments of awful torture, were applied, but the child was firm.

Then they put lighted matches between his fingers.

The heroic boy gave no sign of pain, only his lips moved in prayer. His tormentors, at length, awe-struck by the child's fortitude, let him go.

His friends, who had been standing beside him in helpless agony, asked, "Was it not terrible to bear?"

He looked up at them with a bright smile, and said,

"It was indeed hard to bear, but at the worst of it a tall angel stood beside me, and pointed his finger up to heaven, and all the pain left me."

One day in Sunday-school I was telling this true story to a class of boys. One bright little boy said,

"The Lord never sent an angel to me when I was in trouble."



For the law was given by Moses, but grace and truth
came by Jesus Christ.—John i, 17.



"Were your father and mother ever put in prison because they loved Jesus?" I asked.

"No."

"Did you ever have thumbscrews pull your fingers all out of joint?"

"No."

"Did you ever have lighted matches put between your fingers?"

"No, but I had the mumps once."

"What did you do?"

"They hurt me, and I prayed to the Lord, and the next day I could eat."

"Perhaps the Lord sent His angel to take the pain away."

"I guess He did; I guess he came in the night when I could n't see him."

No doubt the angels do come and protect us many times when we do not see them and do not know it.

The Bible says that the angels are ministering spirits sent to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation. (Heb. i, 14.)

When I was a little girl the children used to sing, "I want to be an angel;" but they do not sing it now, for we have learned that to be born again and be a child of God is better than to be an angel.

But we can all imitate Jesus and the angels in doing good to others.

A poor, tired mother took her three little children

into a parlor-car by mistake, and was rudely driven into another car in a way that brought smiles to some faces, but a great pity into the tender heart of one of the passengers.

This was a little boy, who showed his sympathy by taking some fruit and luncheon to the frightened little group in the common car.

So sweet and gentle was his ministry, that one of the children, watching as he went back to the parlor-car, said, "Was he an angel, mamma?"

"No, dear; but he was doing an angel's work, bless him!" said the mother.

Dear children, let us remember the words of the mother, and look every day for bits of "angel's work" to make other people happy. Let us pray, day by day:

Heavenly Father, make me Thine own true, good child. Help me to be like Jesus and the angels. Help me every day to do something that will make the world better and brighter.

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
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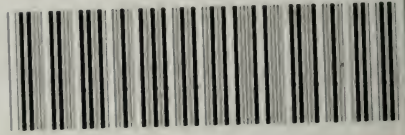
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